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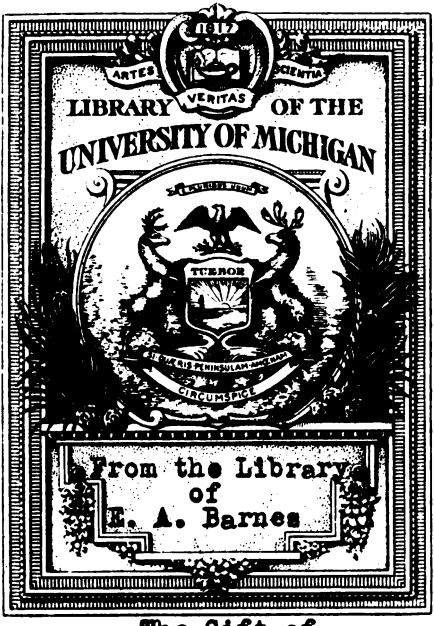

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THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Eighteenth.

CONTAINING

HAMLET.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

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Bell's Edition.

HAMLET.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

HAMLET.

THE original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Hystorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play, than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagonist of Nash), who, in his own handwriting, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspere's Venus "and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet "Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser "sort, 1598."

If the dramas of Shakspere were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified

versified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but

by

by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
OSRICK, *a Courtier.*
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } *Officers.*
FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*
A Captain; An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.

WOMEN.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Players, Grave-Diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Elsineur.*

HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsineur. A Platform before the Palace. FRANCISCO *on his Post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Bernardo.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He,

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to-bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard? 10

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewel, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you? 20

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight? 30

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,——
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark
Did sometime march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why

Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by that covenant,
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands

So

So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. [I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold, lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak;
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.—
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint, and out of frame,—
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;

Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allows.
Farewel; and let your haste commend your duty.
Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To shew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,

Upon

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent]:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne:
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here,

Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouze the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet HAMLET.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;——Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar.

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsineur?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With

With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their opprest and fear surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secresy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

And

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red.
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.

Hor.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night; 450
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well: 460
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment in POLONIUS' *House. Enter* LAERTES, *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewel:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose-path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessings with you; [*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select, and generous chief, in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase
Wronging it thus), you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Platform. *Enter* HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noise of musick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

This

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin),
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous: and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?

Or

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
[The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath].
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.——
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away:—Go on,——I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost, and* HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform. Re-enter Ghost, and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end

Like

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,——

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!), won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet,

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air——
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd,

HAMLET.

Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell!—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn it.

Hor. My lord, my lord,—— [*Within.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet,—— [*Within.*

Hor. Heaven secure him! [*Within.*

Ham. So be it!

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord! [*Within.*

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?——
But you'll be secret,—

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole; can'st work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To

To put an antick disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out), denote
That you know aught of me: This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in POLONIUS' *House. Enter* POLONIUS, *and* REYNALDO.

Polonius.

GIVE him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment, and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say,—*not well:*
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—What was I
About to say? I was about to say
Something: Where did I leave?

Rey.

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman:*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or so forth.*—See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewel,—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,

That

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace. Enter the King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles

Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.——Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together;
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt* VOLT. *and* COR.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad-call-I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewel it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

To

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd*
Is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:—
These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reading.
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince:——out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch: thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
Pointing to his head and shoulder.
If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, and Queen.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;
You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive: friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this.—I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham.

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet: there he is.

[*Exit.*

Ros. God save you, sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soals of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil.

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. [Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended]. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at, Elsineur?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros.

Ros. What say you? [*To* Guild.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not), lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither

hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they? 478

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd? 482

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither. 490

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to

common

common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too].

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsineur. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Guil.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: on Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral [tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral], scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. *O Jephtha, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well. 558

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God wot,*—and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chiopping. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see; We'll have a speech straight; Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. 577

1 *Play.* What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it

it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but call'd it, an honest method; (as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine). One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus. 597

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus 609

Old grandsire Priam seeks.——So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* *Anon he finds him,*
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.——
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;

Break

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on, come to Hecuba.

1 *Play. But who, a woe! had seen the mobled queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used;

for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live. 671

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago? 68a

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [*to* ROS. *and* GUILD.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinour. 69a

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That,

That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal? Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;

That

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!
About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him:
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:——
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:——Read on this book; [*To* Oph.
That

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word: 60
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King, and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die;—to sleep;—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation 70
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* OPHELIA.
The fair Ophelia?—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more

offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery: Where's your father? 140

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewel: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewel. 151

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.* 161

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;

The

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows.
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King, and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger; Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall. Enter HAMLET, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I would have

have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: For, any thing so over-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators

to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And, the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLON.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,— 260

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And

And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you play'd once i' the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph, is *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a king and queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit.

The

The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him: Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journies may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither ought, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:

In

In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,——[*To Oph.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:
And never come mischance betwixt us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt All but* HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two Provencial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.— 500

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler. 512

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:——pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord you once did love me,

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows,*—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe?

pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter* POLONIUS.]——God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS. GUIL. HOR. *&c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How

How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. Enter the King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know, [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?

And

And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:

And

And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Queen's Closet. Enter Queen, and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother!——

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS *hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen.

Act 3. HAMLET. Scene 4.

Ramberg del.t Cook sculp.t

Mr. KEMBLE in HAMLET.

A Bloody deed! almost as bad good Mother,
as kill a King & marry with his Brother.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand March 20th 1785.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[HAMLET *strikes at* POLONIUS *through the Arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.——

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewel!
[*To* POLONIUS.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty:
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man;

This

This was your husband.——Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;——
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule:
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches:——
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But,

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!——Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick: It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven:
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;

That

That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next, more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish him with me, and me with this,—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despight of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exit the Queen, and* HAMLET *dragging in* POLONIUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A royal Apartment. Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King.

THERE's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[*To* ROS. *and* GUIL. *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us; whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We

We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: for haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Room. *Enter* HAMLET.

Ham. ——Safely stow'd, But soft,—

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw: first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing; bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room. Enter the King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us: and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and, so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you make haste. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;

Since

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us), thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 150

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Frontiers of Denmark. Enter FORTINBRAS, *with an Army.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit* FORTINBRAS, *&c.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these? 160

Capt. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, sir. [*Exit Captain.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and the rest.*
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking

Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know,
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,

To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elsineur. A Room in the Palace. Enter the Queen, and HORATIO.

Queen. ——I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate: indeed, distract; 220
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, 230
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?
Oph. *How should I your true love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon. [Singing.
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!
Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——
Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed: He answers.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should

should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief: it springs
All from her father's death: And now, behold, O
Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A Noise within.*

Queen.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:—
What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every ward,
They cry, *Choose we*; *Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *with others.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you:—Keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd:—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, *fantastically dress'd with Straws and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And on his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: There's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,——

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God a' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit* OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.* 450

SCENE VI.

Another Room. *Enter* HORATIO, *with a Servant.*

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 462

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a

pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. 479

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room. Enter the King, and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which),
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Mess.*

HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

The

The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveness. — Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy, —
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now

Now out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:

Hamlet,

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:

I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter the Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To

To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church-Yard. Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clown.*

Is she to be bury'd in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else.

For

For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO, *at a Distance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the

breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. 99

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:— Whose grave's this, sirrah? 120

Clown.

Clown. Mine, sir.——

O, a pit of clay for to be made—
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you. 131

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. 138

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since? 148

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown.

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor.

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king,

Enter the King, Queen, LAERTES, *the Corpse of* OPHELIA, *with Lords and Priests attending.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else? 229

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewel! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[LAERTES *leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham.

Ham. [*advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[HAMLET *leaps into the grave.*
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up Esil! eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.——Dost thou come here to whine?

To

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HOR.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace. Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,

No,

No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use: 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty

bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor.

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I

would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd, as you call it? 484

Osr. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no? 496

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will. 501

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age doats on) only

got

got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial; the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter the King, Queen, LAERTES, *Lords,* OSRICK, *and Attendants with Foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the Hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir,

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*
Osr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well,——again,——
King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come.

Come.—Another hit; What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*Play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho! [*The Queen falls.*

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Osr.

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd— [*The Queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell serjeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the embassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt, after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

HAMLET,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

HAMLET.

ACT I.

Line 2. ——*ME:*——] i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

14. *The* rivals *of my watch,*——] By *rivals of the watch*, are meant those who were to watch on the next adjoining ground. *Rivals*, in the original sense of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both. HANMER.

So in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

"And make thee *rival* in those governments."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 5.—"having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*." STEEVENS.

I should propose to point and alter this passage thus:—

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus
The *rival* of my watch,—

Horatio is represented throughout the play as a gentleman of no profession. Marcellus was an officer, and consequently did that through duty, for which Horatio had no motive but curiosity. Besides, there is but one person on each watch. Bernardo comes to relieve Francisco, and Marcellus to supply the place of some other on the adjoining station. The reason why Bernardo, as well as the rest, expect Horatio, was because he knew him to be informed of what had happened the night before, WARNER.

Horatio, as it appears, watches out of curiosity. But in act ii. sc. 1. to Hamlet's question, *Hold you the watch to-night?* Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, all answer, *We do, my honour'd lord.* The folio indeed reads *both*, which one may with greater propriety refer to Marcellus and Bernardo. If we did not find the latter gentleman in such good company, we might have taken him to have been, like Francisco whom he relieves, an honest but common soldier. The strange indiscriminate use of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays, makes it obvious that the author was very little conversant in even the rudiments of either language. REMARKS.

28. *What*, &c.] The quarto gives this speech to Horatio.

34. —*the minutes of this night*;] This seems to have been an expression common in Shakspere's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, act v.

"I promise ere *the minutes of the night*."

STEEVENS.

36. —approve *our eyes*——] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"I can by grounded arguments *approve*

"Your power and potency." STEEVENS.

51. *Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.*] Thus Toby, in the *Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, says:

"——It grows still longer,

"'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away Nurse,

"Let's call the butler up, for *he speaks Latin*,

"*And that will daunt the devil.*"

In like manner the honest butler in Mr. Addison's *Drummer*, recommends the steward to speak *Latin* to the ghost. REED.

53. ——*it* harrows *me*, &c.] To *harrow* is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So in the old bl. let. romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*:

"He swore by him that *harowed* hell."

STEEVENS.

74. —*an angry* parle,] This is one of the affected words

words introduced by Lilly. So in *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, 1619:

" —that you told me at our last *parlè*."

STEEVENS.

75. *He smote the sledded* Polack *on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word *Polack* again, act ii. sc. 4. POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland. *Polaque*, French. JOHNSON.

So in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

" I scorn him

" Like a shav'd *Pollack*."

Sledded, from *sled*, or *sledge*, a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. STEEVENS.

77. —*and* just *at this dead hour*,] The old quarto reads *jumpe*: but the following editions discarded it for a more fashionable word. WARBURTON.

The old reading is, *jump at this* same *hour*; *same* is a kind of correlative to *jump*; *just* is in the oldest folio. The correction was probably made by the author. JOHNSON.

Jump and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakspere. Ben Jonson speaks of verses made on *jump names*, *i. e.* names that suit exactly. Nash says —" and *jumpe*, imitating a verse in *As in præsenti*." Again, in M. Kyffin's translation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588:

" Comes he this day so *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

79.

79. *In what particular thought to work.*——] *i. e.* What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

80. —*Gross and scope*——] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

85. —*daily* cast—] The quartos read *cost.* STEEVENS.

87. *Why such impress of ship-wrights,*——] Judge Barrington, in his *Observations on the more ancient Statutes*, p. 300, having observed that Shakspere gives English manners to every country where his scene lies, infers from this passage, that in the time of queen Elizabeth, shipwrights as well as seamen were forced to serve. WHALLEY.

99. —*who by a seal'd compact,*

Well ratify'd by law and heraldry,] Mr. Upton says, that Shakspere sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law.* So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv.

"Where rather I expect victorious life,

"Than *death and honour*," *i. e.* honourable death. STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, speaks of the *Figure of Tayrnes*, "*horses and barbes*, for *barbed horses, venim & Dartes* for *venimous Dartes*," &c. FARMER.

106. —*as*, *by* that cov'nant,

And carriage of the articles design'd,] The old quarto reads,

—*as by the same* comart;

and this is right. *Comart* signifies a bargain, and *carrying*

rying of the articles, the *covenants* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we see the common reading makes a tautology. WARBURTON.

I can find no such word as *canast* in any dictionary. STEEVENS.

107. *And* carriage *of the articles* design'd,] *Carriage* is *import*; *design'd* is *formed, drawn up between them.* JOHNSON.

109. *Of* unimproved—] *Unimproved for unrefined.* WARBURTON.

Full of unimproved mettle, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

111. *Shark'd* up a list, &c.] I believe to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the *shark*-fish collects his prey. The quartos read *lawless* instead of *landless*. STEEVENS.

It appears from what follows, verse 116, that *landless* is the proper word. HENLEY.

113. *That hath a* stomach *in't*;—] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy, resolution.* JOHNSON.

120. —*romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

121. [*I think*, &c.] These, and all other lines confined within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It

It may be worth while to observe, that the title-pages of the first quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.* STEEVENS.

122. *Well may it sort,*—] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

125. *A mote it is,*—] The first quarto reads, a *moth.* STEEVENS.

126. —palmy *state of Rome,*] *Palmy* for *victorious*; in the other editions, *flourishing.* POPE.

130. *Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell,* &c.] Thus Mr. Rowe altered these lines, which have no immediate connection with the preceding ones. The quartos read (for the passage is not in the folio):

As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters *in* the sun,—

Perhaps an intermediate line is lost. STEEVENS.

131. Disasters *veil'd the sun*;—] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. WARBURTON.

Stars shone *with trains of fire*; *dews of blood* fell;
Disasters veil'd *the sun*;] The words *shone, fell,* and *veil'd,* having been introduced by Mr. Rowe without authority, may be safely rejected. Might we not come nearer the original copy by reading,

Astres, with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disastrous, dimm'd the sun.

There is, I acknowledge, no authority for the word *astres*; but our author has coined many words, and in

this very speech there are two, *gibber* and *precurse*, that are used, I believe, by no other writer. He seems to have laboured here to make his language correspond with the preternatural appearances that he describes. *Astres* [from *astrum*] is of exactly the same formation as *antres*, which he has introduced in *Othello*, and which is not, I believe, found elsewhere. The word now proposed being uncommon, it is not surprising that the transcriber's ear should have deceived him, and that he should have written, instead of it, two words *(As stars)* of nearly the same sound. The word *star*, which occurs in the next line, is thus rendered not so offensive to the ear, as it is as the text now stands. If, however, this be thought too licentious, we might read, with less departure from the old copy than Mr. Rowe's text,

His stars, with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disastrous, dimm'd the sun;———

i. e. the stars that presided over Cæsar's fortunes. So in our author's 26th Sonnet:

" 'Till whatsoever *star*, that guides my moving,
" Points on me graciously with fair aspect."

Each of the words proposed, and printed above in Italicks, might have been easily confounded by the ear with those that have been substituted in their room. The latter, *dimm'd*, is fully supported not only by Plutarch's account in the life of Cæsar ["also the brightness of the *sunne* was *darkened*, the which, all that yeare through, rose very *pale*, and *shined not* *out*"],

out"], but by various passages in our author's works. So in *The Tempest*:

" ——————I have be-*dimm'd*
" The noon-tide *sun*."

Again, in *King Richard III.*

" As doth the blushing discontented *sun*,—
" When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
" To *dim* his glory."

Again, in our author's 18th Sonnet:

" Sometimes too hot *the eye of heaven* shines,
" And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd*."

In the first act of this play, the quarto, 1611, reads —" 'Tis not my inky cloke *could smother*"—[for *good mother*]. If, as in the present instance, there had been but one copy, how could this strange error have been rectified but by the boldness of conjecture?

MALONE.

134. *And even*——] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shewn our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

—*precurse of* fierce *events*,—] *Fierce*, for *terrible*.

WARBURTON.

I rather believe that *fierce* signifies *conspicuous*, *glaring*. It is used in a somewhat similar sense in *Timon* —O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!

STEEVENS.

136. *And prologue to the* omen *coming on*,] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely synonymous here. The poet means, that these strange *phænomena* are prologues

and forerunners of the events *presag'd:* and such sense the slight alteration which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives.

THEOBALD.

Omen, for *fate*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer follows Theobald.

A distich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will shew that there is no occasion for correction:

"Merlin well vers'd in many an hidden spell,
"His countries *omen* did long since foretell."

FARMER.

Again, in *The Vow-Breaker:*

"And much I fear the weakness of her braine
"Should draw her to some *ominous* exigent."

STEEVENS.

141. If *thou hast any* sound,—] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

168. *Whether in sea*, &c.] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aërial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. JOHNSON.

Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "It is a received tradition among

among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, says he, that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost." And he quotes on this occasion, as all his predecessors had done, the well-known lines from the first hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whose translation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious Chansons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which Shakspere mentions presently, were usually copied from the elder Christian poets. FARMER.

169. *Th' extravagant*—] *i. e.* got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598: "—they took me up for a *'stravagant*." STEEVENS.

172. *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyaneus, says, that it vanished with a little glimmer as soon as the *cock crowed*. Vit. Apol. iv. 16. STEEVENS.

176. ——*dares stir abroad.*] Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—. STEEVENS.

178. *No fairy* takes.——] No fairy *strikes* with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this author. JOHNSON.

182. —*high* eastern *hill:*] The old quarto has it better *eastward.* WARBURTON.

201. *With* one *auspicious and* one *dropping eye;*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with somewhat less of quaintness,

With *an* auspicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The same thought, however, occurs in *The Winter's Tale:* "She had *one eye* declined for the loss of her husband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." STEEVENS.

I once thought that *dropping*, in this line, meant only *depressed*, or cast downwards; an idea probably suggested by the passage in *The Winter's Tale*, quoted by Mr. Steevens. But it means, I believe, *weeping*. "*Dropping* of the eyes" was a technical expression in our author's time.—"If the spring be wet with much south wind—the next summer will happen agues, blearness, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels." Hopton's *Concordancie of yeares*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

211. Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage,*] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

221. ——*to suppress*

His further gait *herein;*——] *Gate* or *gait* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding*, *passage*; from the A. S. verb *gae*. A *gate* for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north. PERCY.

227.

227. —*more than the scope*] More than is comprised in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffuse and dilated style. JOHNSON.

228. —*these* dilated *articles*——] *i. e.* the articles when dilated. MUSGRAVE.

237. *The head is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] The sense seems to be this, the head is not formed to be more useful to the heart, the hand is not more at the service of the mouth, than my power is at your father's service. That is, he may command me to the utmost; he may do what he pleases with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

256. Ham. *A little more than* kin, *and less than* kind.] *Kind* is the Teutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore answers with propriety to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakspere introduces Hamlet, Dr. Johnson has perhaps pointed out a nicer distinction than it can justly boast of. To establish the sense contended for, it should have been proved that *kind* was ever used by any English writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than common relation. The king was certainly something *less than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and incestuous marriage, and obtained the crown

crown by means which he suspects to be unjustifiable. In the fifth act, the prince accuses his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*, which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that "the king had given no occasion for such a reflection."

A jingle of the same sort is found in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, and seems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once: "——the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the less the *kindness* must be." Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565:

"In *kinde* a father, but not *kindelyness*."

As *kind*, however, signifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationship was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon incest. Our author's *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Richard II.* and *Titus Andronicus*, exhibit instances of *kind* being used for *nature*; and so too in this play of *Hamlet*, act ii. scene the last:

"Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain."

Dr. Farmer, however, observes, that *kin* is still used for *cousin* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to say, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The king had called the prince—"My cousin Hamlet, and my son." His reply therefore is—"I am a little more than thy kinsman [for I am thy step-son;] and somewhat less than kind to thee [for I hate thee, as being the per-

son

son who has entered into an incestuous marriage with my mother.]" Or, if we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be—*I am more than thy kinsman, for I am step-son*; being such, *I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *son*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

258. —*too much i' the sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun.* JOHNSON.

——*too much i' the sun.*] Meaning probably his being sent for from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefest courtier*, &c. STEEVENS.

I question whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. FARMER.

261. —*vailed lids,*] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes. JOHNSON.

274. —shews *of grief,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*chapes*—I suppose for *shapes*. STEEVENS.

281. —*your father lost a father*;

That father lost, lost his;——] The meaning of the passage is no more than this: *Your father lost a father, i. e.* your grandfather, which *lost grandfather*, also lost his father. STEEVENS.

284. —obsequious *sorrow:*—] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. JOHNSON.

So in *Titus Andronicus*:

"To

"To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk."

STEEVENS.

285. *In obstinate* condolement,——] *Condolement*, for *sorrow*. WARBURTON.

287. —*a will most* incorrect—] *Incorrect*, for *untutor'd*. WARBURTON.

295. *To* reason *most absurd*,——] *Reason* is here used in its common sense, for the *faculty* by which we form conclusions from arguments. JOHNSON.

302. *And, with no less* nobility *of love*] *Nobility*, for *magnitude*. WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather *generosity*. JOHNSON.

304. *Do I* impart *toward you?*—] *Impart* for *profess*. WARBURTON.

I believe *impart* is, *impart myself, communicate* whatever I can bestow. JOHNSON.

Do I impart toward you?——] The crown of Denmark was elective. So in *Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

"And me possess for spoused wife, who in *election* am

"To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the same."

The king means, that as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will strive with as much love to ensure the crown to him, as a father would shew in the continuance of heirdom to a son.

STEEVENS.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective,

tive, and not hereditary; though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had

"Popt in between the election and my hopes—"

had

"From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
"And put it in his pocket:"

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had "the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophesies, that "the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When in the fourth act the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understood that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the life-time of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood. BLACKSTONE.

307. —*bend you to remain*] *i. e.* subdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c.

STEEVENS.

317. *No jocund health,*——] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink.

JOHNSON.

322. —resolve *itself into a dew!*] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Volpone*, and in the same sense:

"Forth the *resolved* corners of his eyes."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647:

"——my swoln grief *resolved* in these tears!"

STEEVENS.

323. *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*

His canon *'gainst self-slaughter!*——] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the poet's thoughts were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *against self-murder.* But the word which I restored (and which was espoused by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, *i. e. that he had not restrained suicide by his* express *law and* peremptory prohibition.

THEOBALD.

There are yet those who suppose the old reading to be the true one, as they say the word *fixed* seems to decide very strongly in its favour. I would advise such to recollect Virgil's expression:

"——*fixit* leges pretio, atque *refixit*."

STEEVENS.

331.

331. *So excellent a king; that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a Satyr;*——] This similitude at first sight seems to be a little far-fetched; but it has an exquisite beauty. By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*; *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in musick. WARBURTON.

All our English poets are guilty of the same false quantity, and call Hyperion Hyperion; at least the only instance I have met with to the contrary is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"—Blow, gentle Africus,
"To play on our poops, when Hyperĭon's son
"Should couch in West." STEEVENS.

333. In former editions,
That he permitted not *the winds of heaven*]. This is a sophistical reading, copied from the players in some of the modern editions, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in the old impressions: all of which that I have had the fortune to see, concur in reading,

——*So loving to my mother,*
That he might not beteene *the winds of heaven*
Visit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation of two words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retrieved the poet's reading.——*That he might not* let e'en *the winds of heaven*, &c. THEOBALD.

So in the enterlude of *The Lyfe and Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 1567:

"But evermore they were unto me very tender,
"They would not *suffer* the *wynde* on me to blowe." STEEVENS.

So, again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"——she had a lord,
"Jealous that the air should ravish her chaste looks." MALONE.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity of Mr. Theobald's conjecture, I believe the old reading to be the true one. The rejected word occurs in a *Letter of Sir John Paston to his Brother*, though, as I conceive, not rightly explained by Mr. Fenn. See Vol. II. let. 30, p. 30. "As ffor Mestresse Kateryne Dudle, I have many tymes recomandyd yow to hyr, and she is noo thynge displeasyd w^t^ itt; she rekkythe not howe many Gentylmen love hyr, she is ffull of love, I have *betyn* the mat' ffor yow, your onknowlecthe as I tolde hyr.—"

To *beteene*, in Shakspere, signifies *admit*:—as used by Sir John Paston, to *impart*. HENLEY.

341. *Like Niobe, all tears:*——] Shakspere caught this idea from an ancient ballad entitled, *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love:*

"Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,
"May wash my handes in teares," &c.

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ*, &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

356. —*I'll change that name*—] I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. JOHNSON.

357. —*what make you*——] A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

360. —*good even, sir.*] So the copies. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the first and eighth scene of this act it is apparent that a natural day must pass, and now much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening as morning*. JOHNSON.

372. —*the funeral bak'd meats*] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Historie of the Fairie Valeria of London*, 1598: "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there sollemnly entered, nothing omitted which necessitie or custom could claime; a sermon, a *banquet*, and like observations."

COLLINS.

375. —*dearest*—] For *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.

Dearest is *most immediate, consequential, important*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——a ring that I must use
"In *dear* employment."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*:

" You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,
" With all his hate about him." STEEVENS.

379. *In my mind's eye,——*] This expression occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" ——himself behind
" Was left unseen, save to *the eye of mind*."

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*:

" As only by *the mind's eye* may be seen."

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulysses, is represented in like manner:

Ὀσσομένος πατρὸς ἠθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν,— STEEVENS.

382. I *shall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt proposes to read, from an emendation by Sir Thomas Samwell, Bart. of Upton near Northampton:

" *Eye* shall not look upon his like again;"

and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakspere, than the other. STEEVENS.

So St. Paul: " *Eye* hath not seen, ear hath not heard," &c. * * *.

387. Season *your admiration*—] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

394. *In the dead* waste *and middle of the night,*] The quarto, 1637, reads—*vast*, which may be right. So, in *The Tempest*:

" ——urchins,
" Shall for that *vast* of night that they may work,
" All exercise on thee."

The folio has not *waste*, but *wast*. MALONE.

396.

396. *Arm'd at all points,——*] Thus the folio. The quartos—*armed at point.* STEEVENS.

401. *——with the act of fear,*] Shakspere could never write so improperly as to call the *passion of fear*, the *act of fear*. Without doubt the true reading is,

——with th' effect of fear. WARBURTON.

Here is an affectation of subtilty without accuracy. *Fear* is every day considered as an *agent*. *Fear laid hold on him*; *fear drove him away*. If it were proper to be rigorous in examining trifles, it might be replied, that Shakspere would write more erroneously, if he wrote by the direction of this critick; they were not *distilled*, whatever the word may mean, *by the effect of fear*; for that *distillation* was itself *the effect*; *fear* was the cause, the active cause that *distilled* them by that force of operation which we strictly call *act* involuntary, and *power* in involuntary *agents*, but popularly call *act* in both. But of this too much. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*bestil'd*. STEEVENS.

465. *My father's spirit in arms!——*] From what went before, I once hinted to Mr. Garrick, that these words might be spoken in this manner:

My father's spirit! in arms! all is not well.——

WHALLEY.

478. *The perfume, and* suppliance *of a minute*;] Thus the quarto: the folio has it,

——Sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance of a minute. JOHNSON.

The perfume, and *suppliance* of a minute; *i. e.* what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems

to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

483. *In* thews,——] *i. e.* in sinews, muscular strength. STEEVENS.

486. *And now no soil,* nor cautel,——] From *cautela,* which signifies only a *prudent foresight* or caution; but, passing through French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud, deceit.* And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar:*

" Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous.*"

But I believe Shakspere wrote,

And now no soil of *cautel*—

which the following words confirm:

——*doth* besmirch

The virtue *of his will:*—

For by *virtue* is meant the *simplicity* of his will, not *virtuous will:* and both this and *besmirch* refer only to *soil,* and to the soil *of* craft and insincerity. WARBURTON.

So in the second part of Greene's *Art of Conycatching,* 1592: " —and their subtill *cautels* to amend the statute." *To amend the statute* was the cant phrase for evading the law. STEEVENS.

This word is again used in our author's *Lover's Complaints:*

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
" Applied to *cautels,* all strange forms receives."

MALONE.

Virtue seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power,* and may be explained the *pure effect.* JOHNSON.

503.

508. —*unmaster'd*—] i. e. *licentious.* JOHNSON.

507. *The* chariest *maid*——] *Chary* is cautious. So in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "Love requires not chastity, but that her soldiers be *chary*." Again, "She liveth chastly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

522. —recks *not his own* read.] That is, heeds not his own lessons. POPE.

So in *Hycke Scorner*:

"——I *reck* not a feder."

Ben Jonson uses the word *reed* in his *Catiline*:

"So that thou couldst not move
"Against a publick *reed*." STEEVENS.

So Sternhold, Psalm I.

"——that hath not lent
"To wicked *rede* his ear." BLACKSTONE.

530. *And these few precepts in thy* memory
Look thou character.——] *i. e.* engrave, imprint. The same phrase is again used by our author in his 122d Sonnet:

"——thy tables are within my brain
"Full *character'd* in lasting *memory*."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——I do conjure thee,
"Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
"Are visibly *character'd* and engrav'd." MALONE.

586. *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.——]
The literal sense is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking*

shaking every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be, *Do not, by promiscuous conversation, make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

541. —*each man's* censure,——] *Censure* is opinion. STEEVENS.

546. *Are most select, and generous chief, in that.*] *Chief* is an *adjective* used *adverbially*, a practice common to our author. Chiefly generous. Yet it must be owned that the punctuation recommended is very stiff and harsh. STEEVENS.

Here has been a silent deviation in all the modern editions from the old copies, which all read,

Are *of a* most select and generous *chef* in that.

May we suppose that Shakspere borrowed the word *chef* from heraldry, with which he seems to have been very conversant? *They in France approve themselves to be of a most select and generous* escutcheon *by their dress.* *Chef* in heraldry is the upper third part of the shield. —This is very harsh; yet I hardly think that the words "*of a*" could have been introduced without some authority from the MS. MALONE.

The genuine meaning of the passage requires us to point the line thus:

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

i. e. the nobility of France are select and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel; the richness and elegance of their dress. REMARKS.

551. *And it must follow, as the* night *the day,*] So in the 145th Sonnet of Shakspere:

"That

" That follow'd it *as gentle day*
" *Doth follow night*," &c. STEEVENS.

553. —*my blessing* season *this in thee!*] *Season*, for *infuse*. WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuse*, it is to infix it in such a manner as that it may never wear out. JOHNSON.

So in the mock tragedy represented before the king:

" —who in want a hollow friend did try,
" Directly *seasons* him his enemy." STEEVENS.

555. *The time* invites *you*;—] Macbeth says,

" I go, and it is done, the bell *invites* me."
STEEVENS.

—*your servants tend*] *i. e.* your servants are waiting for you. JOHNSON.

559. —*yourself shall keep the key of it.*] The meaning is, that your counsels are so sure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if yourself carried the key of it. So in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: " You shall close it up like a treasure of your own, and yourself *shall keep the key of it*."
STEEVENS.

575. Unsifted *in such perilous circumstance.*] *Unsifted*, for *untried.*] *Untried* signifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *Unsifted* signifies the *latter* only, though the sense requires the *former*. WARBURTON.

585. —fashion *you may call it*;—] She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and he for a *transient practice*. JOHNSON.

588. —*springes to catch woodcocks.*——] A proverbial saying,

" Every

"Every woman has a *springe to catch a woodcock.*"
STEEVENS.

595. *Set your entreatments*——] *Entreatments* here mean *company, conversation*, from the French *entrétien*.
JOHNSON.

598. ——*larger* tether—] *Tether* is a string by which any animal is fastened, whether for the sake of feeding, or the air. STEEVENS.

600. *Do not believe his* vows: *for they are* brokers;] A *broker* in old English meant a *bawd* or *pimp*. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglasses Translation of Virgil, in verb. *Broker*. MALONE.

603. *Breathing like sanctified and pious* bonds,] Do not believe (says Polonius to his daughter) Hamlet's amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them *(the better to beguile)*, like those sanctified and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to heaven*. And why should not this *pass without suspicion?* WARBURTON.

We have in our author's 142d Sonnet:

"——false *bonds* of love." MALONE.

618. —*take his* rouse,] A *rouse* is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. So in *Othello*:

"——they have given me a *rouse* already."

It should seem from the following passage in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609, that the word *rouse* was of Danish extraction. "Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the *Danish rousa*, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish," &c.
STEEVENS.

619.

619. *Keeps wassel*] So in *Macbeth*; and, again, in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"By Cræsus' name and by his castle,
"Where winter nights he keepeth *wassel*."

STEEVENS.

—*the swagg'ring* up-spring—] It appears from the following passage in *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-spring* was a *German dance*:

"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
"An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all."

The word is used by G. Douglas, in his Translation of Virgil, and I think, by Chaucer. Again, in an old Scots proverb:—"Another would play a *spring* ere you tune your pipes." STEEVENS.

628. *This* heavy-headed *revel, east and west.*] This *heavy-headed* revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations. JOHNSON.

This heavy-headed revel—] From this to the entrance of the Ghost has been restored from the quarto; these lines not being in the folio. MALONE.

633. *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

638. —*complexion,*] *i. e.* humour; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatick, &c. WARBURTON.

645. *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

648. *Doth all the noble substance of worth out,*] Various conjectures have been employed about this passage. As I understand it, there is little difficulty. This

This is one of the low colloquial phrases which at present are neither employed in writing, nor perhaps are reconcileable to the propriety of language. To *do a thing out*, is *to extinguish it*, or *to efface* or *obliterate any thing painted or written.*

In the first of these significations it is used by Drayton, in the 5th Canto of his *Barons Wars*:

"Was ta'n in battle, and his eyes *out-done.*"

STEEVENS.

651. *Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*] Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation:

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines, that whatever it be, he will venture to address it.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, &c.

This he says while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, *speaks to him*, and *calls him Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane! oh! answer me.*

JOHNSON.

652. *Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, &c.*] So in *Acolastus his After-wit*, 1600:

"Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost?
"Com'st thou from heaven, where bliss and solace dwells?
"Or from the airie cold engendring coast?
"Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The first known edition of this play is in 1604.

The same question occurs also in the MS. known by the title of *William and Werwolf*, in the Library of King's College, Cambridge, p. 26.

"Whether thou be a god, gost in goddis name
that speakest,
"Or any foul fend fourmed in this wise,
"And if we schul of the hent harme or gode."

STEEVENS.

—*questionable shape*.] By *questionable* is meant provoking question. HANMER.

So in *Macbeth*:

"Live you, or are you aught
"That man may *question?*" JOHNSON.

Questionable, I believe, means only *propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with*. So in *As You Like It*: "An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not." *Unquestionable*, in this last instance, certainly signifies *unwilling to be talked with*.

STEEVENS.

Questionable, I believe, only means *capable of being conversed with*. *To question* certainly in our author's time signified *to converse*. MALONE.

658. ——————*tell,*

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cearments?] Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, inquires of the spectre, in the most emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body: Why, says he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been entombed *in death*, in the common state of departed mortals, *burst* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever; the whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

Had the change of the word removed any obscurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a struggle; but either reading leaves the sense the same.

If there be any asperity in this controversial note, it must be imputed to the contagion of peevishness, or some resentment of the incivility shewn to the Oxford editor, who is represented as supposing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to say, that the *body* was deposited in *holy ground*, in ground consecrated according to the *canon*.

JOHNSON.

661. —*quietly* in-urn'd,] The quartos read *interr'd*. STEEVENS.

664. *That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,*] It is probable that Shakspere introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

"Struem regi nec vestibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *sua cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur.

"——sed postquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem sibi magnitudinis conspicuæ extruxisset (cui post obitum regio diademate exornatum), *armis indutum*, inferendum esset cadaver," &c. STEEVENS.

666. ——*we* fools of nature] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. WARBURTON.

667. ——*to shake our* disposition] *Disposition*, for *frame*. WARBURTON.

688. —deprive *your sovereignty*, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but several proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear*, of Shakspere's use of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe *deprive* in this place signifies simply to *take away*. JOHNSON.

690. *The very place*——] The four following lines added from the first edition. POPE.

690. —*puts* toys *of desperation*,] See *Richard III.* act i. sc. 1. REED.

703. ——*that* lets *me*:] That *hinders*, or *stops* me. * * *.

709. *Heaven will* direct it.] Marcellus answers Horatio's question, "To what issue will this come?" and Horatio also answers it himself with a pious resignation, "Heaven will *direct* it." BLACKSTONE.

724. *Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night*;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast *in fires*.] Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to punishments of hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 193. Mr. Urry's edition: "And moreover the misese of hell, shall be in defaute of *mete* and drinke." SMITH.

Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the same idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darkness, where men *see meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirsty," &c. So likewise at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. let. no date:

"Thou shalt lye in frost and *fire*
"With sicknesse and *hunger*," &c.

STEEVENS.

727. *Are burnt and purg'd away*.—] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonick hell into the "punyton of Saulis in purgatory;" and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
"Are *burnt and purg'd away*.—"

The

The expression is very similar to the bishop's: I will give you his version as concisely as I can; "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer panis and torment—Sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and the fire uthir sum: thus the mony vices—

"Contrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
"*And purgit.*"——

Sixte Book of Eneados, fol. p. 191.
FARMER.

Shakspere might have found this expression in the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. F. 2. edit. 1608: "He set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such sort, that of all that were as then therein not one escaped away, but were forced *to purge their sinnes by fire.*"
MALONE.

Shakspere talks more like a Papist, than a Platonist; but the language of bishop Douglas is that of a good Protestant:

"Thus the mony vices
"Contrakkit in the corpis be done away
"And purgit."——

These are the very words of our Liturgy, in the commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure, in the office for the visitation of the sick;" ——*Whatsoever defilements it may have contracted*—— *being purged and done away.* WHALLEY.

744. *As* meditation, *or the thoughts of love,*] This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the *mysticks*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of

the supreme good. So that Hamlet, considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is so ingenious, that I hope it is just. JOHNSON.

747. *And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed*
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf, &c.] Shakspere, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of these Pagan Danes; and here gives a description of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to insinuate to the zealous Protestants of his time, that the Pagan and Popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility, or whether it was by the same kind of licentious inadvertance that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Last Judgment, is not easy to decide. WARBURTON.

That rots *itself*, &c.] The quarto reads—That *roots* itself. Mr. Pope follows it. Otway has the same thought:

" ——like a coarse and useless dunghill weed
" Fix'd to one spot, and *rot* just as I grow."

The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a crescent state (i. e. to *root itself*) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better suits with the dulness and inaction to which the Ghost refers. Nevertheless,

Nevertheless, the accusative case *(itself)* may seem to demand the verb *roots*. STEEVENS.

774. —*mine orchard,*] *Orchard* for *garden*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb."

STEEVENS.

Orchard was anciently written *hortyard*, and signified a yard set apart for a garden. * * *.

777. *With juice of cursed* hebenon *in a vial,*] The word here used was more probably designed by a *metathesis*, either of the poet or transcriber, for *henebon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the most common kind *(hyoscyamus niger)* is certainly *narcotick*, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. These qualities have been confirmed by several cases related in modern observations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon most of the members of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with succory;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight, and delirium.

Cicut. Aquatic. c. 18.

GREY.

Thus, in the Philosopher's 4th Satire of Mars, by Robert Anton, 1616:

"The poison'd *Henbane* whose cold juice doth kill."

In

In *Marlow's Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner,

"——the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
"The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath."

STEEVENS.

790. ——*at once* dispatch'd:] *Dispatch'd*, for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

791. *Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the speech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legends of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the same complaint. STEEVENS.

792. *Unhousel'd.*——] Without the sacrament being taken. POPE.

Unaneal'd;] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd.

The ghost, having recounted the process of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the fact, from the circumstance in which he was surprised. But these, I find, have been stumbling blocks to our editors; and therefore I must amend and explain these three compound adjectives in their order. Instead of *unhouzzel'd*, we must restore, *unhousel'd*, i. e. *without the sacrament taken*; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *housel*. In the next place, *unanointed* is a sophistication of the text; the old copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

Unhousel'd,

Unhousel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word; but I must take the liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's explication of it, *viz.* no *knell* rung. The adjective formed from *knell* must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no rule in orthography for sinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What sense does *unaneal'd* then bear? Skinner, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the Teutonick prepostion *an*, and *ole*, i. e. *oil*: so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanointed*, not having the *extreme unction*. The poet's reading and explication being ascertained, he very finely makes his *ghost* complain of these four dreadful hardships: that he had been dispatched out of life without receiving the *hoste*, or sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *absolv'd*; without the benefit of *extreme unction*; or without so much as a *confession* made of his sins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the Romish church admits the efficacy of *praying* for the *dead*.

THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line. I think Theobald's objection to the sense of *unaneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, must be owned to be very strong. I have not yet by my inquiry satisfied myself. Hanmer's explication

cation of *unaneal'd* by *unprepar'd*, because to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague; there is no resemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practice of *annealing* metals.

Disappointed is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*; a man well furnished with things necessary for any enterprize, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word *disappointed* may be countenanced by the advice which Isabella gives to her brother in *Measure for Measure*:

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

The hope of gaining a worthless alliteration is all that can tempt an editor to prefer *unappointed*, or *unanointed*, to *disappointed*. STEEVENS.

Unhousel'd,] The following passage from Holinshed will at once furnish an example of the use, and an explanation of the sense, of this expression:—"The cardinall song masse,—the king and queene descended, and before the high aulter they wer both *housled*, with one host devided between them."

disappointed,] Stowe, in his account of the execution of Sir Charles Davers, observes, "that having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, rather like a bridegroom, than a prisoner APPOINTED *for death*, he prayed very devoutly."

unaneal'd;] Sir Thomas Moore:—"the byshop sendeth oyle to the curates, because they should therewith

therewith annoynt the sicke in the sacrament of *anoyling*."—And again,—"The extreme unccion or *aneyling*—." HENLEY.

795. *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

798. *A couch for* luxury——] *i. e.* for *lewdness.* STEEVENS.

805. *—to pale his uneffectual fire:*] *i. e.* shining without heat. WARBURTON.

To *pale* is a verb used by Lady *Elizabeth Carew*, in her *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"—Death can *pale* as well
"A cheek of roses as a cheek less bright."

Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"——like a *glow-worm*,——
"The which hath fire in darkness, none in light." STEEVENS.

806. *Adieu! adieu! adieu!* &c.] The folio reads: Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet!* remember me. STEEVENS.

812. *—this distracted globe——*] *i. e.* in this head confused with thought. STEEVENS.

813. *Yea, from* the table of my memory] This expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poesie*. MALONE.

822,

822. *My* tables,—*meet it is, I set it down,*] Hamlet avails himself of the same caution observed by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: "I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly." STEEVENS.

825. —*Now to my word*;] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me.*

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607:

"Now to my *watch-word.*" STEEVENS.

833. —*come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expression is used in *Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, and by many others among the old dramatick writers.

It appears from all these passages, that it was the falconer's call, as Hanmer has observed.

STEEVENS.

846. *There needs no ghost*, &c.] This piece of humour is repeated by our author in *Timon*, &c. act v. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

859. —*by St.* Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes Hamlet a student of Wittenburg. WARBURTON.

876.

876. —*true-penny?*] This word, as well as some of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malcontent*, 1604. STEEVENS.

881. *Swear by my sword.*] Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet must prove as instructive to the reader as the following:

"In the *Passus Primus* of Pierce Plowman,

"David in his daies, dubbed knightes,

"And did them *swere on her sword* to serve truth ever."

To the authority produced from Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinshed*, p. 664: "Warwick kissed the cross of king Edward's sword, as it were a vow to his promise."

Again, p. 1038, it is said, "that Warwick drew out his sword, which other of the honourable and worshipful that were then present likewise did, whom he commanded, that each one should kiss other's sword, according to an ancient custom amongst men of war in time of great danger; and herewith they made a solemn vow," &c.

Again, in an ancient MS. of which some account is given in a note on the first scene of the first act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the oath taken by a *master of defence* when his degree was conferred on him, is preserved and runs as follows: "First, you shall sweare (so help you God and halidome, and by all the christendome which God gave you at the fount-stone, and by *the crosse of this sword which doth represent unto*

you the crosse which our Saviour Jesus Christe sufered his most payneful deathe upon, that you shall upholde, maynteyne, and kepe to your power all soch articles as shal be heare declared unto you, and receve in the presence of me your maister, and these the rest of the maisters my brethren heare with me at this tyme."

STEEVENS.

892. *And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.*] *i. e.* receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say, *Keep it secret.* Alluding to the laws of hospitality. WARBURTON.

906. —*denote*] The old copies concur in reading *to note.* The alteration, which seems necessary, is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

If we read "*Nor* by pronouncing," the passage as it stands in the folio, though embarrassed, is still intelligible, provided the punctuation be changed.

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake;
Nor by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *well, we know*, or *we could and if we would*,
Or, *if we list to speake*; or, *there be and if there might*,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me; this not to do
(So grace and mercy at your most need help you!)
Swear. MALONE.

Mr.

Mr. Theobald did not go so far back into the context as he ought, before he made this alteration; else he would have perceived that it must destroy the sense of the passage. The connexion of which is:—"Here, *swear*, as before, never, so help you mercy! how strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, to *note* that you know aught of me." HENLEY.

907. —*This do you swear*, &c.] The folio reads, *this not to do.* STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. THE quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.* STEEVENS.

8. ——*Danskers*——] *Danske* (in Warner's Albion's England) is the ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

27. —*drinking*, fencing, *swearing*,] I suppose, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-school, a resort of violent and lawless young men. JOHNSON.

36. *A* savageness—] *Savageness*, for *wildness*. WARBURTON.

37. *Of general assault.*] *i. e.* such as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

43. *And, I believe, it is a fetch of* warrant:] So the folio. The quarto reads,—a fetch of *wit*.

STEEVENS.

47. —*prenominate* crimes,] *i. e.* crimes already named. STEEVENS.

75. —in *yourself*.] Hanmer reads, *e'en* yourself, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps, *in* yourself means, *in your own person*, not by spies.

JOHNSON.

84. —*his stockings* foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved *to his ancle*;] I believe *gyved* to be nothing more than a false print. *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. *Gyre* always signifies a circle formed by a top, or any other body when put into motion. STEEVENS.

110. —foredoes *itself*,] To *foredo* is to destroy. So, in *Othello*:

"That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite."

STEEVENS.

120. *I had not* quoted *him*:—] The old quarto reads *coted*.

To *quote* on this occasion undoubtedly means to *observe*. STEEVENS.

122. ——*it is as proper to our age*
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.—] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much suspicion.

picion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life *cast* commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go further than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read– *By heaven* it is as proper, &c. STEEVENS.

126. *This must be known; which, being kept close, might move*

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] *i. e.* This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. JOHNSON.

143. —*and* humour] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour*. STEEVENS.

145. *Whether aught*, &c.] This line is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

150. *To shew us so much* gentry—] *Gentry*, for *complaisance*. WARBURTON.

152. *For the supply*, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON.

160. —*in the full* bent,] *The full bent* is *the utmost extremity of exertion*. The allusion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:

"They fool me to *top* of my *bent*." MALONE.

178. —*the* trail *of policy*—] The *trail* is the *course of an animal pursued by the scent.* JOHNSON.

183. —*the* fruit—] The *desert* after the meat. JOHNSON.

198. —*borne in hand*—] *i. e.* deceived, imposed on. STEEVENS.

204. —*annual* fee.] *Fee* in this place signifies *reward, recompence.*

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" —Not helping death's my *fee*;
" But if I help, what do you promise me?"

The word is commonly used in Scotland, for *wages*, as we say *lawyer's fee, physician's fee.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed hath restored the reading of the folio. The author of THE REMARKS explains it thus, " the king gave his nephew a *feud* or *fee* (in land) of that yearly value." EDITOR.

216. —*at night we'll feast*—] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

219. *My liege, and madam, to expostulate*] The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself in his *wit*:

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: A foolish figure,
But farewel it———

And

And how exquisitely does the poet ridicule the *reasoning in fashion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madness:

Though this be madness, *yet there's* method *in't:* As if method, which the wits of that age thought the most essential quality of a good discourse, would make amends for the madness. It was *madness* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himself with this reflection, that at least it was *method*. It is certain Shakspere excels in nothing more than in the preservation of his characters: *To this life and variety of character* (says our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakspere) *we must add the wonderful preservation*. We have said what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and spirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by some to be grossly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *instructions* which Shakspere makes his statesman give to his son and servant in the middle of the *first*, and beginning of the *second act*. But I will venture to say, these criticks have not entered into the poet's art and address in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his scenes with those fine lessons of social life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of Polonius's instructions to his servant, he makes

makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

And then, sir, does he this;

He does——What was I about to say?

I was about to say something——where did I leave?

The servant replies,

At, closes in the consequence. This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,

At, closes in the consequence.

——Ay marry,

He closes thus:——I know the gentleman, *&c.* which shews the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of character. WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence,

eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his characters is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

219. —*to* expostulate] To *expostulate*, for *to inquire* or *discuss*. WARBURTON.

242. *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most* beautified *Ophelia*—] Heywood, in his *History of Edward VI.* says "*Katherine Parre*, queen dowager to king Henry VIII. was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." FARMER.

246. *These in her excellent white bosom,*——] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Even

"Even in *the milk-white bosom of thy love.*"

STEEVENS.

255. —*O most best*—] So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "—that same *most best* redresser, or reformer, is God." STEEVENS.

259. —*more above*,—] Is, *moreover, besides.*

JOHNSON.

271. *If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;*
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think?—] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the desk or table-book*], or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle sight*]; what would you have thought of me?

WARBURTON.

272. *Or given my heart* a working,—] The folio reads *a winking.* STEEVENS.

Or given my heart a working mute *and* dumb;—The same pleonasm is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And in my hearing be you *mute* and *dumb.*"

MALONE.

277. —precepts *gave her*,] Thus the folio. The two elder quartos read, *prescripts.* STEEVENS.

280.

280. *Which done,* she took *the fruits of my advice : And he, repulsed*—] She took the *fruits* of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made *fruitful.* JOHNSON.

281. —*(a short tale to make),*

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done: when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. WARBURTON.

298. —four *hours together,*] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely,

——*for* hours together. TYRWHITT.

I should not hesitate to admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture into the text. The same mistake has I think happened in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy,* 1623:

"She will muse *four* hours together; and her silence
"Methinks expressed more than if she speak."
MALONE.

301. *At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :*
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,

And

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.] The scheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his sanity, as well as the address of the king in a former scene to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,

" I entreat you both——
" That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
" Some little time; so by your companies
" *To draw him on to pleasures,* and to gather
" So much as from occasion you may glean,
" Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
" That open'd lies within our remedy."——

Seem to have been formed on some slight hints in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl. let. sig. C 3. MALONE.

310. *I'll* board *him*——] That is, *accost* him. HENLEY.

322. *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*
Being a god, *kissing carrion*——] As to the sense we may observe, that the illative particle [for] shews the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before: what that was we learn in these words, *to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.* Having said this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding *evil.* In the next speech therefore he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact,

fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose. *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet shedding its heat and influence upon carrion*——Here he stops short, lest talking too consequentially the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned; and so turns him off from the subject, by inquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpose. If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the things operated upon [*carrion*] and not the things operating [a *god*] why need we wonder, that the supreme cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think*. The sentiment too is altogether in character, for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural. The same *thought*, something diversified, as on a different occasion, he uses again in *Measure for Measure*, which will serve to confirm these observations:

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous season.——

And the same kind of *expression* is in *Cymbeline*:

Common-kissing Titan. WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critick on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

325. —*conception is a blessing*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read thus:

——*conception* is a blessing;

But as your daughter may *conceive*, friend, look to't. The meaning seems to be, *conception* (*i. e.* understanding) is a blessing; but as your daughter may *conceive* (*i. e.* be pregnant), *friend, look to't*, i. e. have a care of that. The same quibble occurs in the first scene of *K. Lear*:

"*Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, sir.

"*Clo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could*." STEEVENS.

350. *How* pregnant, &c.] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt. STEEVENS.

354. ——*and suddenly*, &c.] This, and the greatest part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

361. *Rosencrantz*] There was an embassador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. STEEVENS.

382. ——*Let me*, &c.] All within the crotchets is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

402. —*the shadow of a dream.*] Shakspere has accidently inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is σκιας οναρ, the *dream* of a *shadow*. JOHNSON.

So

So Davies,

" Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,
" *A shadow of a dreame.*" FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by lord Sterline:

" Whose best was but the *shadow of a dream.*"
STEEVENS.

406. *Then are our beggars, bodies* ;—] Shakspere seems here to design a ridicule of these declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty. JOHNSON.

437. *Nay, then I have an eye of you* ;—] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpse of your meaning.
STEEVENS.

442. *I have of late*, &c.] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thickness of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies.
WARBURTON.

447. —*this brave over-hanging* firmament,——] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—this brave o'erhanging, this, &c. STEEVENS.

463. —lenten *entertainment*——] *i. e.* sparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Mistress*, by Shirley, 1631:

" —to maintain you with bisket,
" Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue
" And *lenten* lectures." STEEVENS.

464. ——*we* coted *them on the way*;—] To *cote* is *to overtake*. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606:

"—marry we presently *coted* and outstript them."

I have observed the same verb to be used in several more of the old plays.

In the laws of coursing, says Mr. Tollet, "a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the side of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." This quotation seems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the side. STEEVENS.

469. —*shall end his part in peace*:——] After these words the folio adds, *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere.*

WARBURTON.

The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere, i. e. those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. This is the case (as I am told) with those whose lungs are tickled by the *sere* or *serum*: but about this passage I am neither very confident, nor very solicitous.

The word *seare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jealowsy, touchynge the unstablenes of Harlottes*, bl. let. no date:

"And wyll byde whysperynge in the eare,
"Thynke ye her tayle is not light *of the seare*."

The *sere* is likewise a part about a hawk.

STEEVENS.

471. —*the lady shall*, &c.] *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse.*

JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—*the lady shall mar the measure of the verse, rather than not express herself freely or fully.* HENDERSON.

478. *I think, their* inhibition—] I fancy this is transposed: Hamlet inquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of strolling, *comes by means of the late* inhibition.

JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's question appears to be this; —How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it that they are become strollers?*—Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a settled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative situation.* To this, Rosencrantz replies—Their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation*.—i. e. *their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the* NEW CUSTOM *of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the conclusion of *Mucedorus*, 1598, as well as the preludium to *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630, from whence the following passage is taken: "*Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, *for their abuses*, could not be raised but by

conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue says to her:

" —with tears wash off that guilty sin,
" Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,
" That use their ink to blot a spotless name:
" Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd—
" ——spare the *persons*," &c.

Alteration in the order of the words seems to be quite unnecessary. STEEVENS.

There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. " All fencers (says the act), bearwards, *common players of interludes* and minstrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This circumstance is equally repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands.

MALONE.

483. The lines enclosed in crotchets are in the folio

folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I suppose, in any of the quartos. JOHNSON.

485. —*an aiery of children*, &c.] This relates to the young singing men of St. Paul's, concerning whose performances and success in attracting the best company, I find the following passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

"I saw the *children of Powles* last night;
"And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
"The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.
"—I like the audience that frequenteth there
"With *much applause*: a man shall not be choak'd
"With stench of garlick, nor be pasted
"To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
"'Tis a good *gentle audience*," &c.

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1674, that, "both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite suppresst, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the use of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

486. —*cry out on the top of question*,—] The meaning seems to be, they ask a common question in the higher notes of the voice. JOHNSON.

I believe *question*, in this place, as in many others, signifies

signifies *conversation, dialogue.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "——*Think* you *question* with a Jew." The meaning of the passage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered.* STEEVENS.

492. —*escoted?*——] Paid. From the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning. JOHNSON.

Will they pursue the quality *no longer than they can sing?*] Will they follow the *profession* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and sing in the choir? So afterwards he says to the player, *Come, give us a taste of your* quality; *come, a passionate speech.* JOHNSON.

So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the first edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "—directed by the example of some who once steered in our *quality*, and so fortunately aspired to chuse your honour joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakspere."

Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "I speak not of this as though every one [of the players] that professed the *qualitie*, so abused himself."—— MALONE.

495. —*most like,*—] The old copy reads,—*like most.* STEEVENS.

496. —*their writers do them wrong*, &c.] I should have been very much surprised if I had *not* found Ben Jonson among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

499.

499. —*to* tarre *them on to controversy*:——] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him*.

JOHNSON.

507. —*Hercules and his load too.*] *i. e.* They not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: alluding to the story of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARBURTON.

The allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse, on the Bankside, the signe of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*. STEEVENS.

509. *It is not very strange: for mine uncle*—] I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation, my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

512. —*in little.*——] *i. e.* in miniature. So, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*:

"His father's picture *in little*." STEEVENS.

513. *There is something*—] The old editions read, —*'sblood*, there is, &c. STEEVENS.

526. ——*when the wind is* southerly, &c.] So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"But I perceive now, either the *winde is at the south*,

"Or else your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth." STEEVENS.

527. —*I know a hawk from a* hand-saw.] This was a common proverbial speech. The Oxford Editor alters it to, *I know a hawk from an* hernshaw, as if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the

the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people: so that the critick's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression.

WARBURTON.

Similarity of sound is the source of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have still the sign of the *Bull and Gate*, which exhibits but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the title page of an old play) the *Bullogne* Gate, *i. e.* one of the gates of *Bullogne*; designed perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took the place in 1544.

The *Bullogne mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably the same origin, *i. e.* the *mouth of the harbour of Bullogne.* STEEVENS.

540. *Buz, buz!*] *Buz, buz!* are interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. Ben Jonson uses them often for the same purpose, as well as Middleton in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

Buz used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a story that was generally known before.

BLACKSTONE.

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene in this play, is used for a *busy talker:*

" ——And wants not *buzzers* to infect his ear
" With pestilent speeches."

It is therefore probable, from the answer of Polonius, that *buz* was used, as Dr. Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emissary *Buz.*

MALONE.

542. *Then came*, &c.] This seems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

545. —*tragical*, &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and see no reason why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakspere, that answer to these descriptions. STEEVENS.

547. ——*Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*——] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Thomas Newton and others, and published in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, *viz.* the *Menæchmi*, was likewise translated and published in 1565.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick schools, suggested to Shakspere the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. WARTON.

548. *For the law of* writ, *and the liberty, these are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of* wit, *and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of* writ, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing*, *composition*. *Wit* was not, in our author's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or *both together*, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend* and *judge*. Those who wrote of the human mind, distinguished its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Ascham distinguishes *boys* of active and of tardy faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*. JOHNSON.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is used for *writing* by authors contemporary with Shakspere. Thus,

Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, by Thomas Nash, 1593: "For the lowsie circumstance of his poverty before his death, and sending that miserable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou liest, learned Gabriel." Again, in bishop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Physician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his drugger, in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conster." MALONE.

561. Why, *as by lot, God wot*,—&c.] The old song from which these quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the second and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers-Company, there is a late entry of this Ballad among others. "*Jeffa Judge of Israel*," p. 98. Vol. III. Dec. 14. 1624. STEEVENS.

563. ——*the* pious chansons—] It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chansons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs. POPE.

It is *pons chansons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the *rubrick* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubrick* may stand for *marginal explanation*. JOHNSON.

There are five large vols. of ballads in Mr. Pepys's collection in Magdalen-College library, Cambridge, some as ancient as Henry VII.'s reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles. GREY.

The

The first row of the RUBRICK *will,* &c.] The words, *of the rubrick* were first inserted by Mr. Rowe, in his edition in 1709. The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chanson*, which gives the sense wanted, and I have accordingly inserted it in the text.

The *pious chansons* were a kind of *Christmas carols*, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind, and when Polonius inquires what follows them, he refers him to the *first row* (*i. e.* division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted.

STEEVENS.

564. ——*my abridgment*——] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the times*; but I think he now means only *those who will shorten my talk.*

JOHNSON.

An *abridgment* is used for a dramatick piece in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. sc. 1.

" Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?"

But it does not commodiously apply to this passage.

STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgment*, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, signify *amusement to beguile the tediousness of the evening?* or, in one word, *pastime?*— HENLEY.

567. —*valanc'd*——] *Valanc'd* means over hung with a canopy or tester like a bed. The folios read *valiant* which seems right. The comedian was pro-

bably "bearded like a pard." REMARKS.

571. —*by the altitude of a* chioppine.] A *chioppine* is a high shoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, act v. STEEVENS.

578. —*be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is *crack'd too much for use.* This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Come to be married to my lady's woman,
"After she's *crack'd in the ring.*" STEEVENS.

574. ——*French falconers*——] The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakspere has introduced an *astringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the same circumstance, likewise adds, that it is said in *Sir Thomas Browne's Tracts*, p. 116, that "the *French* seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe;" and, that "the *French* king sent over his falconers to shew that sport to king James the First."

See Weldon's *Court of King James.* STEEVENS.

582. ——*caviare to the general:*——] Giles Fletcher in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 11, says, in Russia they have divers kinds of fish "very good and delicate: as the Bellouga or Bellougina of four or five elnes long, the Ositrina or Sturgeon, but not so thick nor long. These four kind of fish breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of

Of the roes of these four kinds they make very great store of Icary or *Caveary*." REED.

Ben Jonson has ridiculed the introduction of these foreign delicacies in his *Cinthia's Revels*—" He doth learn to eat Anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Mr. Malone observes, that lord Clarendon uses *the general* for *the people*, in the same manner. And so by undervaluing many particulars (which they truly esteemed) as rather to be consented to than that *the general* should suffer." B. V. p. 530. STEEVENS.

584. —*cried in the top of mine*—] *i. e.* whose judgment I had the highest opinion of.

WARBURTON.

I think it means only that *were higher than mine.*

JOHNSON.

Whose judgment, in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. REVISAL.

Perhaps it means only—whose judgment was more clamorously delivered than mine. We still say of a bawling actor, that he speaks *on the top of his voice.*

STEEVENS.

To *over-top* is a hunting term applied to a dog when he gives more tongue than the rest of the cry. To this I believe Hamlet refers, and he afterwards mentions a CRY *of players.* HENLEY.

585. —*set down with as much* modesty——] *Modesty*, for *simplicity.* WARBURTON.

586. —*there were no* sallets, *&c.*] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later edi-

tors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no *salt*, &c.

Mr. Pope's alteration may indeed be in some degree supported by the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "—a prepar'd troop of gallants, who shall distaste every *unsalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phrase was used as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Jests*, &c. "—for junkets, joci; and for curious *sallets*, sales."

STEEVENS.

It was a remark attributed to Mrs. Warburton on the conversation of her bishop and bishop Hurd:—"that the oil of the latter with the vinegar of the former, made an exquisite *sallad*." * * *.

588. —*that might* indite *the author*—] *Indite*, for *convict*. WARBURTON.

—*indite* the author of *affection*;] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantastical *affected* writer.

STEEVENS.

589. —*but call'd it, an honest method*;—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One said, there was no salt in the linen*, &c. *but called it an honest method*. The author probably gave it, *But I called it an honest method*, &c.

JOHNSON.

590. —*wholesome*, &c.] This passage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnson.

STEEVENS.

596. *The rugged Pyrrhus*, &c.] Mr. Malone once observed to me, that a *late editor* supposed the speech uttered

uttered by the *Player* before *Hamlet*, to have been taken from an ancient drama, entitled "Dido Queen of Carthage." I had not then the means of justifying or confuting his remark, the piece alluded to having escaped the hands of the most liberal and industrious collectors of such curiosities. Since, however, I have met with this performance, and am therefore at liberty to pronounce that it did not furnish our author with more than a general hint for his description of the death of Priam, &c. unless with reference to

——The whiff and *wind* of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls,——

We read, ver. 23:

And with the *wind* thereof the king fell down:

And can make out a resemblance between

So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;

And ver. 32.

So leaning on his sword, he stood stone still.

The greater part of the following lines are surely more ridiculous in themselves, than even Shakspere's happiest vein of burlesque or parody could have made them:

"At last came *Pirrhus* fell and full of ire,
"His harnesse dropping bloud, and on his speare
"The mangled head of *Priams* yongest sonne,
"And after him his band of Mirmidons,
"With balles of wild fire in their murdering pawes,

" Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy:*
" All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.
" *Dido.* Ah, how could poor Æneas scape their hands?
" *Æn.* My mother *Venus* jealous of my health,
" Convaid me from their crooked nets and bands:
" So I escapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath:
" Who then ran to the pallace of the King,
" And at *Jove's* Altar finding *Priamus,*
" About whose wither'd necke hung Hecuba,
" Foulding his hand in hers, and joyntly both
" Beating their breasts and falling on the ground.
" He with his faulchions point raisde up at once;
" And with *Megeras* eyes stared in their face,
" Threatning a thousand deaths at every glaunce.
" To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:
&c.—
" Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his teares,
" This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
" Treading upon his breast, strooke off his hands.
" *Dido.* O end, Æneas, I can heare no more.
" *Æn.* At which the frantick queene leapt on his face.
" And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
" A little while prolong'd her husband's life:
" At last the souldiers puld her by the heeles,
" And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,
" Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
" Whereat

" Whereat he lifted up his bedred lims,
" And would have grappeld with Achilles sonne,
" Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
" Which he disdaining, whiskt his sword about,
" And with the wound thereof the king fell downe;
" Then from the navell to the throat at once,
" He ript old Priam; at whose latter gaspe
" Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow,
" As lothing Pirrhus for this wicked act:
" Yet he undaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
" And dipt it in the old kings chill cold bloud,
" And then in triumph ran into the streetes,
" Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men:
" So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
" Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt."

Act II.

The exact title of the Play from which these lines are copied, is as follows: The | Tragedie of Dido | *Queen of Carthage* | Played by the Children of her | *Majesties Chappel.* | Written by Christopher Marlowe, and | *Thomas Nash, Gent.* | —Actors | *Jupiter.* | *Ganimed.* | *Venus.* | *Cupid.* | *Juno.* | *Mercurie, or* | *Hermes.* | *Æneas.* | *Ascanius.* | *Dido.* | *Anna.* | *Achates.* | *Ilioneus.* | *Iarbas.* | *Cloanthes.* | *Sergestus.* | At London, | Printed, by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcocke*, and | are to be sold at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at | the signe of the Blacke Beare. 1594. |

STEEVENS.

603.

603. *Now is he total* gules ;—] *Gules* is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies *red*. Shakspere has it again in *Timon :*

" With man's blood paint the ground ; *gules, gules.*"

Heywood, in his Second Part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it :

" —old Hecuba's reverend locks
" Be *gul'd* in slaughter."— STEEVENS.

609. With *eyes* like *carbuncles*——] So, Milton's Paradise Lost, B. IX. l. 500.

" ——and *carbuncles* his *eyes*." STEEVENS.

See also, *The History of the Caliph Vathek*, p. 307.

* * *.

647. —*the* mobled *queen*—] *Mobled* or *mabled* signifies *veiled*. So Sandys, in his Travels, speaking of the Turkish women, says, *their heads and faces are* mabled *in fine linen, that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes*. WARBURTON.

Mobled, signifies *huddled, grossly covered*. JOHNSON.

I meet with this word in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*.

" The moon does *mobble* up herself." FARMER.

But who, a woe! *had seen*, &c.] The folio reads, I believe, rightly :

But who, *O who*, had seen, &c. MALONE.

651. *With* bisson *rheum* ;—] *Bisson* or *beesen, i. e.* blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north of England.

So, in *Coriolanus:* "What harm can your *bisson* conspectuities glean out of this character?"

STEEVENS.

662. —*made* milch—] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew:

"Exhaling the *milch* dew," &c. STEEVENS.

696. *Is it not monstrous, that this player here,*] It should seem from the complicated nature of such parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakspere had produced many excellent performers. He would scarce have taken the pains to form the characters which he had no prospect of seeing represented with force and propriety on the stage. STEEVENS.

700. *Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect.*] The word *aspect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakspere's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage as I have printed it. STEEVENS.

704. *What's Hecuba to him,* &c.] 'Tis plain Shakspere alludes to a story told of Alexander the cruel tyrant of Pheræ in Thessaly, who seeing a famous tragedian act the Troades of Euripides was so sensibly touched that he left the theatre before the play was ended; being ashamed, as he owned, that he who never pitied those he murdered should weep at the sufferings of *Hecuba* and Andromache. See Plutarch in the life of Pelopidas. UPTON.

706. —*the* cue *for passion,*] The *hint,* the *direction.* JOHNSON.

708.

708. *—the general ear—*] The ear of all mankind. So before, *Caviare* to the *general*, that is, to the *multitude*. JOHNSON.

714. ——unpregnant *of my cause,*] *Not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.* JOHNSON.

717. *A damn'd* defeat *was made.—*] *Defeat*, for *destruction*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *dispossession*. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiously used by the old writers. Shakspere in another play employs it yet more quaintly.—"*Defeat* my favour with an usurped beard." STEEVENS.

727. *—kindless—*] *Unnatural*. JOHNSON.

728. *Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;*] The folio reads,

"O vengeance!

"Who? what an ass am I? Sure this is most brave." STEEVENS.

733. *A* scullion!] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, a *stallion*. STEEVENS.

735. *About my brains!——*] *Wits, to your work. Brain*, go *about* the present business. JOHNSON.

This expression occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by *Heywood*, 1632:

"*My brain about* again! for thou hast found

"New projects now to work on." STEEVENS.

736. ————*I've heard,*

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,] A number

number of these stories are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication.*

STEEVENS.

744. —*tent him*—] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

—*if he do* blench,] If he *shrink* or *start.*

STEEVENS.

751. *More* relative *than this*;—] *Relative,* for *convictive.* WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the consequential sense. *Relative,* is *nearly related, closely connected.* JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 1. —*CONFERENCE*] The folio reads, *circumstance.* STEEVENS.

19. —o'er-raught *on the way*:—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached,* that is, *over-took.* JOHNSON.

35. Affront *Ophelia.*] To *affront,* is only *to meet directly.* JOHNSON.

Affrontare, Ital. So, in the *Devil's Charter,* 1607:

"*Affronting* that port where proud Charles should enter."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother,* 1630:

"In sufferance *affronts* the winter's rage."

STEEVENS.

36. ——*espiels*] *i. e.* spies.

The words—*lawful espiels*, are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

52. *Your* loneliness.——] Thus the folio. The first and second quartos read *lowliness*. STEEVENS.

53. *'Tis too much prov'd*,—] It is found by too frequent experience. JOHNSON.

59. —*more ugly to the thing that* helps *it*,] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

63. *To be, or not to be*,—] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress*, it is necessary to decide, whether, *after our present state, we are* to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, shall determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, *to suffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms against *them*, and by opposing end them, *though perhaps* with the loss of life. If *to die*, were *to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end* the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were *devoutly to*

be wished; but if *to sleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must *pause* to consider, *in that sleep of death what dreams may come.* This consideration *makes calamity* so long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *resolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia. JOHNSON.

I cannot but think that Dr. Johnson's explication of this passage, though excellent on the whole, is wrong in the outset.—He explains the words—*To be, or not to be*—" Whether after our present state, we are to be, or not;" whereas the obvious sense of them—*To live, or to put an end to my life*, seems clearly to be pointed out by the following words, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the foregoing—*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer*, &c. *or to take arms*—The train of Hamlet's reasoning, which Dr. Johnson has so well explained, is sufficiently clear, which ever way the words are understood. MALONE.

This interpretation of Mr. Malone is indisputably right, as the very notion of a *ghost*, implies the certainty of an after-existence. HENLEY.

66. *Or to take arms against a* sea *of troubles,*] Shakspere resembles Æschylus in the sudden breaks of his metaphors. To take up arms against a *sea* of troubles, is in the manner of our author. Were we to admit *siege* for *sea*, we might improve the picture; but we should endanger the likeness. Iö says, in the Prometheus vinctus of Æschylus, v. 885.

"My confused words strike at random against a *sea of troubles*, or the waves of misery;" by which she means,——I talk confusedly in my misfortunes.

S. W.

67. ——*To die*;—*to sleep*;—] This passage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, as follows:

"——be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken. "*To sleep, to die*; *to die, to sleep*; a very figure, sir." &c. &c. STEEVENS.

74. —*mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, bustle.

WARBURTON.

77. —*the* whips *and* scorns *of time,*] *Whips* and *scorns* are as inseparable companions, as publick punishment and infamy.

Hamlet is introduced as reasoning on a question of general concernment. He therefore takes in all such evils as could befall mankind in general, without considering himself at present as a prince, or wishing to avail himself of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James I.'s *Entertainment passing to his*

his Coronation, by Ben Jonson and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

"*And first account of years, of months*, OF TIME."

"By *time* we understand *the present*."

STEEVENS.

The word *whips* is used by Marston in his *Satires*, 1599, in the sense required here:

"Ingenuous melancholy——

"Inthrone thee in my blood; let me entreat,

"Stay his quick jocund skips and force him run

"A sad pac'd course, untill my *whips* be done."

MALONE.

78. ——*the* proud *man's contumely*,] The folio reads:

——the *poor* man's contumely,

which may be right;—*the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure*:

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

"Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

MALONE.

79. —*of* despis'd *love*,] The folio reads—Of *dispriz'd* love. STEEVENS.

82. ——*might his* quietus *make*

With a bare bodkin?—] The first expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This discharge was called a *quietus*.

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which

every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is used for the discharge of an account, by Webster.

A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a *small dagger*.

So, in the Second Part of the *Mirrour of Knighthood*, 4to. bl. let. 1598:——"Not having any more weapons but a poor poynado, which usually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered these speeches unto it: Thou silly *bodkin* shalt finish the piece of worke," &c.

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle*, 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*.

Again, in *Chaucer*, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called the *Serpent of Division*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorboduc*, &c. 1591:

"With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius
"Murdered at Rome, of Brutus Crassus."

STEEVENS.

84. *To* groan *and sweat*—] All the old copies have, *to* grunt *and sweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can scarcely be borne by modern ears.

JOHNSON.

The change made by the editors, is however supported by the following line in *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 1.

"To *groan* and sweat under the businesse."

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, by Nicholas Grimoald, a fragment in blank verse, printed at the end of *Lord Surrey's poems*:

"—none

" ——none the charge could give;
" Here *grunts*; here grones; echwhere strong
youth is spent."

And Stanyhurst in his translation of Virgil, 1582, for supremum *congemuit*, gives us: " —for sighing it *grunts*." STEEVENS

86. *The* undiscover'd *country, from whose bourn*
No traveller *returns*—] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reason. The idea of a *traveller* in Shakspere's time, was of a person who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Discovery*. John Taylor has " *A Discovery* by sea from London to Salisbury."

FARMER.

This passage has been objected to by others on a ground which seems more plausible. Hamlet himself has just had ocular demonstration that travellers *do* sometimes return from this strange country. Shakspere, however, appears to have seldom compared the different parts of his plays, and contented himself with general truths. It would have been easy to have written—*Few* travellers return.

Marlowe had, before our author, compared death to a journey to an *undiscovered country*.

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

" ——wrestled with death,
" From whose stern cave none tracks a backward
path."

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam. *Catullus.*

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's charge of inconsistency in Shakspere, is in the present instance unfounded.

"From whose *bourn*

"No traveller returns——"

May be understood to mean, not from the *hithermost*, but, the *remotest*, *confines* of which *country*. This expectation suits best, at least, with the idea of a traveller on a journey of *discovery*. But taking it otherwise, the *apparition of a ghost* can with no propriety be styled the *return of a traveller*; especially, of *this* ghost, who is so far from making any discovery of this unknown country, that he was even interdicted from mentioning the lightest word of the secrets of his prison-house in it. HENLEY.

94. —*turn* awry,] Thus the quartos. The folio —turn *away*. STEEVENS.

96. —*Nymph, in thy orisons*, &c.] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

107. *And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd*

As made the things more rich: their perfume *lost,*

Take these again;—] The same metaphor is used, but in a different connexion, by Drayton:

"Shepheard why creepe we in this lowly vaine,

"As though our muse no store at all affordes,

"Whilst

" Whilst others vaunt it with the frolicke trayne,
" And strut the stage with *reperfumed* wordes."
HENLEY.

122. *——than the force of honesty can translate beauty into* its *likeness:*] All the old copies have *his* likeness. There is no need of change. Our author frequently uses *his* for *its*. MALONE.

127. *—inoculate——*] This is the reading of the first folio. The first quarto reads *euocutat*; the second, *euacuat*; and the third, *evacuate*. STEEVENS.

135. *—at my beck,—*] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, *imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.*

To put a thing into thought, is *to think on it.*
JOHNSON.

158. *I have heard of your* paintings *too, well enough,* &c.] This is according to the quarto, the folio, for *painting*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pace*.
STEEVENS.

156. *—make your wantonness your ignorance:——*] You mistake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*. JOHNSON.

163. *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword;

otherwise

otherwise the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *soldier*, and the *scholar* wears the *sword*.

WARNER.

This regulation is needless. So, in *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

" Princes are the *glass*, the *school*, the *book*,
" Where subject eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

And in *Quintilian*: " Multum agit sexus, ætas, conditio; ut in *fœminis*, *senibus*, *pupillis*, *liberos parentes*, *conjuges*, alligantibus." FARMER.

165. —*the mould of form*,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON.

167. —*most* deject——] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" What knight is that
" So passionately *deject*?" STEEVENS.

170. —*out of* tune——] Thus the folio. The quarto —out of *time*. STEEVENS.

171. —*and* feature——] Thus the folio. The quartos read *stature*. STEEVENS.

172. —*with* ecstasy:——] The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of the mind.

So, G. Douglas, translating—*stetit acri fixa dolore*:

" In *ecstasy* she stood, and mad almaist."

STEEVENS.

194. —*be* round *with him*;] To be round *with* a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640: " She's *round* with her i'faith."

MALONE.

211. ——perriwig-*pated*——] This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspere's time, for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Julia* says—"I'll get me such a colour'd *perriwig*."

Players, however, seem to have worn them most generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "—as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horses, &c.—none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures." STEEVENS.

212. —*the groundlings*;—] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gascoigne and Fra. Kinwelmersh, the order of these dumb shews is very minutely described. This play was presented at Gray's-Inn by them, in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they display a picture of one single scene which is afterwards performed on the stage. In some other pieces I have observed, that they serve to introduce such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"——*Let me now*
"*Intreat your worthy patience to contain*
"*Much in imagination; and, what words*
"*Cannot*

"*Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes,*

"*Out of this* DUMB SHOW, *tell your memories.*"

In short, dumb shews sometimes supplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the space of time which was necessary to pass while business was supposed to be transacted in foreign parts. With this method of preserving one of the unities, our ancestors appear to have been satisfied. Ben Jonson mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. "The understanding gentlemen of the *ground* here."

213. —*who, for the most part, are* capable *of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise:*——] *i. e.* have a *capacity* for nothing but dumb shews; *understand* nothing else. So, in Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624: "I have therein imitated our *historical* and comical poets, that write to the stage; who, lest the auditory should be dulled with serious discourses, in every act present some Zany, with his mimick gesture, to breed in the less *capable* mirth and laughter." MALONE.

214. —*inexplicable dumb shews,*] I believe the meaning is, *shews without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly conducted to explain themselves.

I meet with one of these in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632, where the *Presenter* says,

"I must entreat your patience to forbear

"While we do feast your eye and starve your ear.

"For

" For in *dumb shews*, which were they writ at large
" Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,
" Their infant fortunes I will soon express," &c.

Then follow the *dumb shews*, which well deserve the character Hamlet has already given of this species of entertainment, as may be seen from the following passage: " Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired, she *somewhat affecteth him*, though she *makes no show of it*." Surely this may be called " an *inexplicable dumb shew*." STEEVENS.

215. —*Termagant*;—] *Termagant* is mentioned by Spenser in his *Faery Queene*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by Beaumont and Fletcher in *King or no King*, as follows:

" This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like *Termagant*."

216. —*out-herods Herod*:—] The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one:

See the *Conventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton MSS. Vespasian D. VIII.

" Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,
" Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,
" Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych;
" My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day."

Again, in the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, MSS. Harl. 2013:

" I kynge of kynges non so keene,
" I sovraigne sir as well is seene,
" I yrant that maye bouth take and teene
" Castell, tower and towne.

" I welde

"I welde this worlde withouten were —
"I beate all those unbuxome heene;
"I drive the devills alby dene
"Deepe in hell a downe.

"For I am kinge of all mankinde,
"I byd, I beate, I lose, I bynde,
"I master the moone, take this in mynde
"That I am most of mighte.

"I am the greatest above degree
"That is, that was, or ever shall be;
"The sonne it dare not shine on me,
"And I byd him goe downe.

"No raine to fall shall now be free,
"Nor no lorde have that liberty
"That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
"But I shall crake his crowne."

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer also, describing a parish clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, says,

"He playith *Herode* on a skaffold high."

The parish clerks and other subordinate ecclesiasticks appear to have been our first actors, and to have represented their characters on distinct pulpits or *scaffolds*. Thus, in one of the stage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned; "What tyme that processyon is entered into yt place, and the Herowdys takyn his *schaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *schaffaldys*," &c.

STEEVENS.

226.

226. —*age and body of the time,*—] To exhibit the *form and pressure of the age* of the *time*, is, to represent the manners of the time suitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern. STEEVENS.

227. —*pressure*—] Resemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

229. ——*the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, overweigh a whole theatre of others.*] Ben Jonson seems to have imitated this passage in his *Poetaster*, 1601:

"——I will try
"If tragedy have a more kind aspect;
"Her favours in my text I will pursue;
"Where if I prove the *pleasure but of one*,
"*If he judicious be, he shall be alone*
"*A theatre unto me.*" MALONE.

234. —*O, there be players,*—] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak profanely), that neither having the accent nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor *Mussulman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well," &c. FARMER.

I have no doubt that our author wrote—"that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. folio, 1623: "because it

is a blessing that he bestows upon beasts, and what he hath scanted *them* [r. *men*] in hair, he hath given them in wit."—In the present instance the compositor probably caught the word *men* from the last syllable of *journey*men. Shakspere could not mean to assert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind: for, if that were the case, the strutting players would have been on a footing with the rest of the species.

A passage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the same sentiment, in my opinion, fully supports the emendation now proposed:

"*Kent. Nature* disclaims in THEE, a *tailor made* THEE.

"*Corn.* A tailor make a man!

"*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade."

MALONE.

233. —*not to speak it* profanely—] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*.

JOHNSON.

242. —*speak no more than is set down for them:*] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

"—you, sir, are incorrigible, and
"Take licence to yourself to add unto
"Your parts, your own free fancy," &c.

—"That

" —That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
" On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter."
" —Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kempe*,
" Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism,"
&c.

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615), that among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, " were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witte*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant *extemporall witt*," &c.

Again, in *Tarlton's Newes from Purgatory*: " —I absented myself from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roscius of plaiers that famosed all comedies so with his pleasant and *extemporall invention*."

STEEVENS.

266. *—the pregnant hinges of the knee.*] I believe the sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

269. *And could of men distinguish her election*
Hath seal'd thee for herself:] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:

And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee, &c. STEEVENS.

To distinguish her election, is no more than to *make her election*. *Distinguish of men*, is exceeding harsh, to say the best of it. REMARKS.

274. *Whose blood and judgment—*] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm,

and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

289. —*Vulcan's* stithy :—] *Stithy* is a Smith's *anvil.* JOHNSON.

302. —*nor mine now.*——] A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unspoken. JOHNSON.

—*you play'd once* i' the university, *you say?*] It should seem from the following passage in vice-chancellor Hatcher's letter to Lord Burghley Ch. June 21, 1580, that the common players were likewise occasionally admitted to perform there. "—Whereas it hath pleased your honour to recommend my lord of Oxenford his players, that they might show their cunning in several plays already practised by 'em before the Queen's majesty"——(denied on account of the pestilence and commencement) "of late we denied the like to the Right Honourable the Lord of Leicester his servants." FARMER.

318. —*at Ophelia's feet.*] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatick representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth,* by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"Ushers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*

"*At solemn masques,* applauding what she laughs at."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Green Knight's farewell to Fancie :*

"To *lie along in ladies lappes,*" &c.

This

This fashion which Shakspere probably designed to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his dissembled madness, is likewise exposed by Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609.

See an extract from it among the prefaces.

STEEVENS.

319. *I mean*, &c.] This speech and *Ophelia*'s reply to it are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

328. —*your only* jig-maker.——] There may have been some humour in this passage, the force of which is now diminished:

"——many gentlemen
"Are not, as in the days of understanding,
"Now satisfied without a *jig*, which since
"They cannot, with their honour, call for after
"The play, they look to be serv'd up in the middle."

Changes, or Love in a Maze, by Shirley, 1632.

In the *Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, one of the players comes to solicit a gentleman to *write* a *jig* for him. A *jig* was not in Shakspere's time a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre, and of the lowest kind, like *Hamlet*'s conversation with *Ophelia*. Many of these jigs are entered in the books of the Stationers-Company:—"Philips his *Jigg* of the slyppers, 1595. Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-stuff-woman, 1595."

STEEVENS.

The following lines in the prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage* confirm Mr. Steevens's remark:

" ——for approbation,
" A *jig* shall be clap'd at, and ev'ry *rhyme*
" Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

A *jig* was not always in the form of a dialogue. Many historical ballads were formerly called *jigs*. MALONE.

333. —*Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.*—] Here again is an equivoque. In Massinger's *Old Law*, we have,

" ——A cunning grief,
" That's only fac'd with *sables* for a show,
" But gawdy-hearted."— FARMER.

That a *suit of sables* was the magnificent dress of our author's time, appears from a passage in Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*: " Would you not laugh to meet *a great counsellor of state*, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimmed with *sables*?" MALONE.

" I had rather (says honest Sancho, when he was taking leave of his government) cover myselfe with a double sheepe skinne—than be cloathed in *sables*." Shelton, P. II. p. 359. Edit. 1620. REMARKS.

337. —*suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse*;] Amongst the country May-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

339.

339. —*O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is also introduced. In a small black letter book, entitled, *Plays Confuted*, by Stephen Gosson, I find the *hobby-horse* enumerated in the list of dances. "For the devil (says this author) beeside the beautie of the houses, and the stages, sendeth in gearish apparell, maskes, vauting, tumbling, daunc-ing of gigges, galiardes, morisces, *hobbi-horses*," &c. and in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599, the same expression occurs:

"The other *hobby-horse*, I perceive, is not for-gotten."

In TEXNOΓAMIA, or *The Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following stage-direction:

"Enter a *hobby-horse*, dancing the morrice," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*:

Soto. "Shall the *hobby-horse* be forgot then,

"The hopeful *hobby-horse*, shall he lie foun-der'd?"

The scene in which this passage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has said concerning the *hobby-horse*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*:

"But see, the *hobby-horse* is forgot.

"Fool, it must be your lot

"To supply his want with faces,

"And some other buffoon graces."

See Fig. 5. in the plate at the end of the First Part of

of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEVENS.

341. *Marry, this is* miching malicho; *it means mischief.*] The Oxford editor, imagining that the speaker had here Englished his own cant phrase of *miching malicho*, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *malhecor*; whereas it signifies, *lying in wait for the poisoner*; which, the speaker tells us, was the very purpose of this representation. It should therefore be read *malhechor*, Spanish, the *poisoner*. So *mich* signified, originally, to keep hid and out of sight; and, as such men generally did it for the purposes of *lying in wait*, it then signified to rob. And in this sense Shakspere uses the noun, a *micher*, when speaking of prince Henry amongst a gang of robbers: *Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a* micher? *Shall the son of* England *prove a* thief? And in this sense it is used by Chaucer, in his translation of *Le Roman de la Rose*, where he turns the word *lierre* (which is *larron voleur*) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

I think Hanmer's exposition most likely to be right. Dr. Warburton, to justify his interpretation, must write *miching* for *malechor*, and even then it will be harsh. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of the word *miching*. So in *The Raging Turk*, 1632:

" ——wilt, thou envious dotard,
" Strangle my greatness in a *miching* hole?"

Again,

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"—wherefore thus vainely in land Lybye *mitche* you?"

The quarto reads—*munching* mallico. STEEVENS.

Miching, secret, covered, lying hid. In this sense Chapman, our author's contemporary, uses the word in *The Widow's Tears*, *Dods. Old Pl.* Vol. IV. p. 291, Lysander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her: his friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him: his wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband. On which he exclaims,

"———Out upon the monster!
"Go tell the governour, let me be brought
"To die for that most famous villany;
"Not for this *miching* base transgression
"Of truant negligence.——"

And again, p. 301:

"My truant
"Was *micht*, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb."

In this very sense it occurs in the *Philaster* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. I. p. 142. "A rascal *miching* in a meadow." That is, as the ingenious editors (who have happily substituted *miching* for *milking*) remark, "A lean deer creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd." WARTON.

The

The word *mitching* is daily used in the west of England for *playing truant*, or *skulking about in private for some sinister purpose*; and *malicho*, inaccurately written for *malheco*, signifies *mischief*; so that *mitching malicho* is *mischief* on the *watch for opportunity*.——When Ophelia asks Hamlet—"What means this—?" she applies to him for *an explanation of what she had just seen in the show*; and not, as Dr. Warburton would have it, *the* purpose *for which the show was contrived*.—Besides, *malhechor* no more signifies a *poisoner*, than the perpetrator of *any other* crime. HENLEY.

348. —*Be not you asham'd to shew*, &c.] The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakspere, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blamable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression, is the characteristick of madness, at least of such madness as should be represented on the scene.

STEEVENS.

359. —*cart*——] A chariot was anciently so called. Thus Chaucer in *The Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024:

"The *carter* over-ridden with his *cart*."

STEEVENS.

361. —*sheen*] Splendour, lustre. JOHNSON.

371. —*even as they love.*] Here seems to be a line lost, which should have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folio. Perhaps a triplet was

was designed, and then instead of *love* we should read *lust*. The folio gives the next line thus:

"*For* women's fear and love *holds* quantity."

STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no instance of a triplet being used in our author's time. Some trace of the lost line is found in the quartos, which read,

Either none in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the word omitted might have been of this import:

Either none *they feel, or an excess approve*;

In neither aught, or in extremity. MALONE.

375. *And as my love is* siz'd, *my fear is so.*] Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same manner, with regard to her grief for the loss of Antony:

"———*our* size *of sorrow*,

"Proportion'd *to our* cause, *must be as* great

"*As* that *which makes it.*" THEOBALD.

376. —*Where love*, &c.] These two lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

379. — operant *powers*——] *Operant* is active. Shakspere gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poison*. Heywood has likewise used it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637:

"—may my *operant* parts

"Each one forget their office!"

The word is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

388. *The* instances,—] The *motives*. JOHNSON.

399. —*what to ourselves is debt:*] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is

is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

402. *The violence of either grief or joy,*
Their own enactures *with themselves destroy :*] What grief or joy *enacts* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

412. *And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;*
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.] So in our author's *Passionate Pilgrim :*

" Every man will be thy friend,
" Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
" But if store of crowns be scant,
" No man will supply thy want."

These coincidences may serve to refute an idea that some have entertained, that the lines spoken by the player were not written by Shakspere, but the production of a contemporary poet. MALONE.

424. *To desperation*, &c.] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

425. *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *anchoret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde :* " We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers*, preestes, clerkes," &c. Again,

Again, "the foxe will be an *aunker*, for he begynneth to preche."

Again, in *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*:

"As *ankers* and hermits that hold them in her selles."

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we should read—anchor's *chair*. So in the second Satire of Hall's fourth book, edit 1602, p. 18.

"*Sit* seven yeres pining in an *anchore's cheyre*,
"To win some parched shreds of minevere."

STEEVENS.

444. *The mouse-trap.*——] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is ——— the thing

In which he'll *catch* the conscience of the king.

STEEVENS.

446. *Baptista* is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man:

452. *You are as good as a* chorus.—] The use to which Shakspere converted the *chorus*, may be seen in his *History of Henry V.* HENLEY.

453. Ham. *I could interpret*, &c.] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shews*, and interpreted to the audience.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding *puppet!*
"Now will he *interpret* for her."

Again, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621: "——It was I that penn'd the moral of man's wit,

the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute *interpreter of the puppets.*" STEEVENS.

458. *Still better, and worse.*] *i. e.* better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning. STEEVENS.

459. *So you* mistake *your husbands.*] Read, *So you* must take *your husbands*; that is, *for better, for worse.* JOHNSON.

Theobald proposed the same reading in his *Shakspere Restored*, however he lost it afterwards. STEEVENS.

So you mistake *your husbands.*] I believe this to be right: the word is sometimes used in this ludicrous manner. "Your true trick, rascal (says Ursula in *Bartholomew-Fair*), must be to be ever busie, and *mistake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off." FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*: "—To *mistake* six torches from the chandry, and give them one."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

"I fear he will persuade me to *mistake* him." STEEVENS.

473. *What! frighted with false fire!*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

477. *Lights, lights, lights!*] The quartos give this speech to Polonius. STEEVENS.

483. —turn Turk *with me*——] This expression has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*; and I have

I have met with it in several old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most complete gentleman to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantastically. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—'tis damnation,

"If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phrase had its rise from some popular story like that of *Ward* and *Dansiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whose overthrow was published by A. Barker, 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the same subject, called, *A Christian turn'd Turk*. STEEVENS.

484. Provincial *roses*] Derived from *Provençal*, French. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, and formerly much cultivated. WARTON.

485. —*a* cry *of players*,——] There is surely *here* no allusion to hounds (as Dr. Warburton supposes) whatever the origin of the term might have been. *Cry* means a troop or company in general, and is so used in *Coriolanus*:

"——You have made good work,

"You and your *cry*."

Again, in *A strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: "The last race they ran (for you must know they had many) was from a *cry* of serjeants." MALONE.

486. Hor. *Half a* share.

Ham. *A whole one,* I.] It should be, I think,

A whole one;—*ay*———

For, &c.

The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of the theatres were divided into shares, and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres.*

MALONE.

488. —*O* Damon *dear,*] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias.* A play on this subject was written by Richard Edwards, and published in 1582.

STEEVENS.

491. *A very, very*——*peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds choosing a king, instead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock, paicocke,* and *pajocke.* I substitute *paddock,* as nearest to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope says, been willing to substitute any thing in the place of his *peacock.* He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds choosing a king; instead of the *eagle,* a *peacock.* I suppose he must mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is said, the birds, being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our Shakspere,

spere, there is not the least mention made of the *eagle* in antithesis to the *peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himself stands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is setting his father's and uncle's characters in contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his father's death the state was stripped of a godlike monarch, and that now in his stead reigned the most despicable poisonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD, bufo, rubeta major*; a toad. This word I take to be of Hamlet's own substituting. The verses, repeated, seem to be from some old ballad; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the verse ran thus:

A very, very——ass. THEOBALD.

A peacock seems proverbial for a fool. Thus Gascoigne in his *Weeds*:

"A theefe, a cowarde, and a *peasecke* foole."

FARMER.

I believe *paddock* to be the true reading. In the last scene of this act, Hamlet, speaking of the king, uses the same expression:

"Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
"Such dear concernings hide?" MALONE.

500. *Why then, belike,*—] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

—*he likes it not*, perdy.] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

" In that, you Palmer, as deputie,
" May cleerly discharge him *pardie*." STEEVENS.

507. *With drink, sir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

541. —*by these pickers*, &c.] By these hands. JOHNSON.

By these hands, says Dr. Johnson; and rightly. But the phrase is taken from our Church catechism, where the catechumen, in his duty to his neighbour, is taught to keep his hands from *picking and stealing*. WHALLEY.

548. *Ay, sir, but* while the grass grows,—] The proverb is something musty. The remainder of this old proverb is preserved in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" Whylst grass doth growe, *oft steroes the seely steede*."

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilst he is waiting for the succession to the throne of Denmark, he may himself be taken off by death. MALONE.

550. —*recorders*;——] *i. e.* a kind of large flute. To *record* anciently signified to sing or modulate. STEEVENS.

551. —*recover the wind of me*.] So, in an ancient MS. play entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

" ——Is that next?
" Why then I have your ladyship *in the wind*."
STEEVENS.

Again,

Again, in Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*:

"Their cunning can with craft so cloke a troeth,
"That hardly we shall *have them in the winde*,
"To smell them forth, or yet their fineness finde." HENDERSON.

553. *O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] *i. e.* if my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we should read—*my love is* not *unmannerly*. My conception of this passage is, that, in consequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenstern also shifts his ground, in order to take place himself *beneath* the prince in his new position. This Hamlet ludicrously calls "*going about to recover the wind*," &c. and Guildenstern may answer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; "*if my duty* to the king makes me *too bold* in pressing you upon a disagreeable subject, *my love* to you will make me *not unmannerly*, in shewing you all possible marks of respect and attention." TYRWHITT.

562. —*ventages*—] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

563. —*and thumb*,—] The first quarto reads—with your fingers and the *umber*. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute which is either raised or depressed by the finger. The word *umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a single combat between two

two knights, says, "he brast up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the visor of the helmet. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. III. c. 1. st. 42.

"But the brave maid would not disarmed be,
"But only vented up her *umbriere*,
"And so did let her goodly visage to appeere."

Again, B. IV. c. 4.

"And therewith smote him on his *umbriere*."

Again, in the second book of Lidgate on the Trojan War, 1513:

"Thorough the *umber* into Troylus' face."

STEEVENS.

If a *recorder* had a brass key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or stops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*, which has no brass key, but has a stop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Colgrave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and signify a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that shades or hides the face from the sun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the brass key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenser used *umbriere* for the visor of the helmet, as Rous's History of the Kings of England uses *umbrella* in the same sense.

TOLLET.

584.

584. *Methinks*, &c.] This passage has been printed in modern editions thus:

"Methinks it is like *an ouzle*.

"*Pol.* It is *black* like an *ouzle*."

The first folio reads, *It is like a* weazel.

Pol. It is *back'd* like *a weazel*.—

And what occasion for alteration there was, I cannot discover. The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but though I believe a *black weasel* is not easy to be found, yet it is as likely that the cloud should resemble a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzle* (i. e. black-bird) in colour.

Mr. Tollet observes, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a weasel," *i. e.* weasel-snouted. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 172. "if he be *wesell-becked*." Quarles uses this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow*: "Go you *weazel-snouted*, addle-pated," &c. Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton in his *Lycidas*, calls a promontory *beaked*, *i. e.* prominent like the *beak* of a bird. STEEVENS.

589. *They fool me to the top of my bent.*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. JOHNSON.

603. —*be* shent,] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. STEEVENS.

Shent seems to mean something more than reproof by the following passage from *The Mirror for Magistrates*: "Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, is the speaker, and he relates his having betrayed the duke of

of Gloucester and his confederates to the king, "for which," says he, "they were all tane and *shent*."

Hamlet surely means, "however my mother may be *hurt*, *wounded*, or *punished* by my *words*, let me never consent to put them in execution."

HENDERSON.

604. *To give them seals*—] *i. e.* put them in execution. WARBURTON.

605. *SCENE III. Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

King. *I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,*
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:] In *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl. let. the king does not adopt this scheme of sending Hamlet to England, till after the death of Polonius; and though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or the Printer, might have been misplaced; but it is certainly printed as the author intended, for in the next scene Hamlet says to his mother, "I must to England; you know that?—" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius. MALONE.

611.

611. *Out of his* lunes.] The old quartos read,

Out of his brows. THEOBALD.

Lunacies is the reading of the folio. I take *brows* to be, properly read, *frows*, which, I think, is a provencal word for *perverse humours*; which being, I suppose, not understood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident. JOHNSON.

Shakspere uses the word *lunes* in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the measure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an instance in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture;

"—were you but as favourable as you are *frowish*—" *Tully's Love*, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakspere designed a metaphor from horned cattle, whose powers of being dangerous increase with the *growth of their brows*. STEEVENS.

The present reading is fully established by a passage in *The History of Hamblet*, bl. let. which the author had, probably, here in his thoughts: "*Fengon* could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *some tricke of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit seeking to be rid of him, determined to find the means to doe it, by the aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacrous resolution, to whom he purposed to send him." MALONE.

The two readings of *brows* and *lunes*—when taken

in connection with the passages referred to by Mr. Steevens, in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Merry Wives*, —plainly figure forth the image under which the king apprehended danger from Hamlet:—viz. that of a bull, which, in his frenzy, might not only gore, but push him from his throne.—"The hazard that hourly grows out of his BROWS" (according to the quartos) corresponds to "*the* SHOOTS *from the* ROUGH PASH," [that is, *the* TUFTED PROTUBERANCE *on the head of a bull, from whence his horns spring*] alluded to in *The Winter's Tale*; whilst the imputation of impending danger to "*his* LUNES" (according to the other reading) answers as obviously to the jealous fury of the husband that thinks he has detected the infidelity of his wife. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

"Why, woman, your husband is in his old *lunes*—he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, and so buffets himself on the *forehead*, crying, peer out! peer out! that any *madness*, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is now in." HENLEY.

619. *That spirit, upon whose* weal—] So the quarto. The folio gives,

That spirit, upon whose *spirit*— STEEVENS.

638. *Since nature makes them partial, &c.*]

"———Matres omnes filiis

"In pecato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria

"Solent esse.—" *Ter. Heaut.* act v. sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

639. *—of vantage.—*] By some opportunity of secret observation. JOHNSON.

646. *Though inclination be as sharp as* will;] *Will* is *command, direction.* Thus, *Ecclus.* xliii. 16. "—and at his *will* the south wind bloweth." The king says, his mind is in too great confusion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as strong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

To *will* is used by Marlowe in the sense of *to command*, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, 1594:

"And *will* my guards with Mauritanian darts,
"To wait upon him as their sovereign lord."

MALONE.

663. *May one be pardon'd, and retain the* offence?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

673. *Yet what can it, when one* cannot *repent?*] *What can* repentance *do for a man that cannot be* penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment? JOHNSON.

675. *O limed* soul!—] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakspere uses the same word again, *Henry VI.* P. II.

"Madam, myself have *lim'd* a bush for her."

STEEVENS.

680. —pat, *now he is praying*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*but* now, &c. STEEVENS.

682. *—That would be scann'd:*] *i. e.* that should be considered, estimated. STEEVENS.

684. *I, his sole son, do this same villain send*] The folio reads, *foule* son, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his* only *son*, who am bound to punish his murderer.

JOHNSON.

686. —hire *and* salary.—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*base* and *silly*. STEEVENS.

695. *Up, sword*; *and know thou a more horrid* hent;] In the common editions,

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid time.

THEOBALD.

To *hent* is used by Shakspere for, to *seize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold*, or *seizure*. *Lay hold on* him, sword, at a more horrid time.

JOHNSON.

696. *When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage*;

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;] So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Didst thou not kill him drunk?

"Thou shouldst, or in th' embraces of his lust."

STEEVENS.

700. ——*that his heels may kick at heaven*;] So in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Whose *heels tript* up, *kick'd 'gainst the firmament*."

STEEVENS.

702. *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

The same fiend-like disposition is shewn by *Lodowick*, in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——to have poison'd
" The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—
" That while he had been bandying at tennis,
" He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck
" *His soul* into the hazard!"

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one*:

" No, take him dead drunk now *without repentance.*" STEEVENS.

706. Pol. *He will come straight*, &c.] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the conversation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were suggested by the following passage in *The History of Hamblet*, bl. let. sig. D. " The counsellor entered secretly into the queene's chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique; as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother, touching his secret practises, hee should be understood, and by that meanes intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come [r. crow] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby

feeling something stirring under them, he cried *a rat, a rat,* and presently drawing his sworde, thrust it into the hangings; which done, pulled the counsellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and being slaine, cut his body in pieces, which he caused to be boyled, and then cast it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

709. ——*I'll* silence me e'en *here:*

Pray you, be round with him.] Sir T. Hanmer, who is followed by Dr. Warburton, reads,

——*I'll* sconce *me here.*

Retire to a place of *security.* They forget that the contrivance of Polonius to overhear the conference, was no more told to the queen than to Hamlet.—*I'll silence me even here,* is, *I'll use no more words.* JOHNSON.

724. And—'*would* it *were not so!*—] The folio reads,

But would *you* were not so. HENDERSON.

732. *How now, a rat?*] This (as Dr. Farmer has observed) is an expression borrowed from *The History of Hamblet,* a translation from the French of Belleforest. STEEVENS.

740. It has been doubted whether Shakspere intended to represent the queen as accessary to the murder of her husband. The surprise she here expresses at the charge, seems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked out, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to

to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamblet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous adulterie, and paracide murther.——This adulterer and infamous murtherer slaundered his dead brother, that he would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady had slaine him. The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband; which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to live in her adultre without controle." *Hyst. of Hamb.* sig. C. 1, 2.

In the conference, however, with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small meanes

of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will, as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse me of lasciviousness or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother *Geruth* once consented to the death and murther of her husband: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne in me to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." Ibid. sig. D. 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspere wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct.

MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former, indeed, is rendered contemptible as well as guilty; but for the latter, our poet seems to have felt all that tenderness which the ghost recommends to the imitation of her son. STEEVENS.

740. *As kill a king?*] This interrogation may be considered as some hint, that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father. STEEVENS.

755.

755. —*takes off the* rose] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. See a note on a passage in *King John*, act i. WARBURTON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is mistaken; for it must be allowed that there is a material difference between an ornament worn on the *forehead*, and one exhibited on *the side of the face*. Some have understood these words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the sentiment contained in the preceding line:

—blurs the grace and *blush* of modesty:

but as the *forehead* is no proper situation for a *blush* to be displayed in, we may have recourse to another explanation.

It was once the custom for those who were betrothed, to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So in *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar for April*:

"Bring *coronations* and *sops in wine*,
"*Worn of paramours.*"

Lyte, in his *Herbal*, 1578, enumerates *sops in wine* among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance* (a plate of which is annexed to the First Part of *King Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and seems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be designed for a *rose*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glass, though its form is expressed with as little adherence to nature as that of the mary-gold

gold in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in question. This flower, as I have since discovered, is exactly shaped like the *sops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*. STEEVENS.

759. —*from the body of* contraction—] *Contraction* for *marriage contract*. WARBURTON.

761. ——*Heaven's face* doth *glow*;
Yea, *this solidity and compound mass*,
With tristful *visage, as against the doom*,
Is thought-sick at the act.] The old quarto reads:

Heaven's face does *glow*,
O'er *this solidity and compound mass*,
With heated *visage, as against the doom*,
Is thought-sick at the act. WARBURTON.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revisal. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. In the first reading, *Heaven's face* glows with tristful visage; and, *Heaven's face is* thought-sick. To the common reading there is no just objection. JOHNSON.

766. *That roars so loud*, &c.] The meaning is, *What is* this act, of which the *discovery*, or *mention*, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? JOHNSON.

——*and thunders in the* index?] Mr. Edwards observes, that the *indexes* of many old books were at that

that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often seen confirmed.

So, in *Othello*, act ii. sc. 7.——"an *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts."

STEEVENS.

767. *Look here, upon this picture, and on this*;] It is evident from the following words,

A station, like the herald Mercury, &c.

that these pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the stage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's closet.

"——*like Maia's son he* stood,

"*And shook his plumes.*"——Milton, B. V.

STEEVENS.

The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of *Hamlet*, published in 1709, confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. There the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths, hanging in the Queen's closet; and probably such had been the stage exhibition, from the time of the original performance of this tragedy to the death of Betterton.

MALONE.

770. *Hyperion's curls*;—] It is observable that *Hyperion* is used by Spenser with the same error in *quantity*. FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marston's *Insatiate Countess* than that in 1603. In this the following

following lines occur, which bear a close resemblance to Hamlet's description of his father:

"A donative he hath of every god:
"*Apollo* gave him *locks*, *Jove* his high *front*."

STEEVENS.

772. *A* station—] *Station*, in this instance, does not mean *the spot where any one is placed*, but *the act of standing*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 3.

"Her motion and her *station* are as one."

On turning to Theobald's first edition, I find that he had made the same remark, and supported it by the same instance. The observation is necessary, for otherwise the compliment designed to the attitude of the king, would be bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing. STEEVENS.

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;] I think it not improbable that Shakspere caught this image from Phaer's translation of Virgil (Fourth Eneid), a book that without doubt he had read:

"And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty lims
"Of *Atlas*, *mountain tough*, that *heaven* on boyst'rous *shoulders beares*;—
"There *first* on ground with wings of might doth *Mercury* arrive,
"Then down from thence right over seas himselfe doth headlong drive."

In the margin are these words: "The description of

of *Mercury's* journey from *heaven*, along the *mountain* Atlas in Afrike, *highest* on earth." MALONE.

778. —*like a* mildew'd ear,

Blasting *his wholesome brother.*—] This alludes to *Pharaoh's Dream* in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*. STEEVENS.

779. —*wholesome* brother.—] The folio reads:—wholesome *breath*. HENDERSON.

781. —*batten*—] *i. e.* to grow fat. So in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" ——and for milk

" I *batten'd* was with blood."

Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" —make her round and plump,

" And *batten* more than you are aware."

Bat is an ancient word for *increase*.. Hence the adjective *batful*, so often used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

783. *The* hey-day *in the blood*——] This expression occurs in Ford's '*Tis Pity she's a Whore*, 1633:

" ——must

" The *hey-day* of your luxury be fed

" Up to a surfeit?" STEEVENS.

791. —*at hoodman-blind?*] This is, I suppose, the same as *blindman's-buff*. So, in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

" Why should I play at *hoodman-blind?*"

Again, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a Murder of Master Beech*, &c. 1601:

" Pick

" Pick out men's eyes, and, tell them that's the sport
" Of *hoodman-blind.*" STEEVENS.

792. *Eyes without,* &c.] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

795. *Could not so* mope,] *i. e.* could not exhibit such marks of stupidity. The same word is used in *The Tempest,* sc. ult.—

" And were brought *moping* hither."
STEEVENS.

796. ——*Rebellious hell,*
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones, &c.] Alluding to what he had told her before, that her enormous conduct shewed a kind of possession.

—*What* devil *was't,*
That thus hath, &c.—

And again afterwards:

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master even the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.— WARBURTON.

797. —*mutiny*—] The old copies read *mutine.* Shakspere calls *mutineers, mutines,* in a subsequent scene. STEEVENS.

802. —*reason* panders *will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defensible:

—*reason* pardons *will.* JOHNSON.

805. —*grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

806. *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read,

As will *leave there* their tinct. STEEVENS.

808.

808. —incestuous *bed*;] The folio has *enseamed*, that is, *greasy* bed. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word *inseamed* in the same sense, in the third of their *Four Plays in One*:

"His leachery *inseam'd* upon him."

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. let. no date, we are told that "*Enseayme* of a hauke is *the grece*."

In most places it means the grease or oil with which clothiers besmear their wool, to make it draw out in spinning. *Incestuous* is the reading of the quarto, 1611. STEEVENS.

In the west of England, the *inside fat* of a goose, when dissolved by heat, is called its *seam*; and Shakspere has used the word in the same sense in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

"————————Shall the proud lord,
"That bastes his arrogance with his own *seam*."
HENLEY.

816. —*vice of kings*:] A low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce; from whom the modern *Punch* is descended. JOHNSON.

818. *That from a shelf*, &c.] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villany that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

821. *A king of shreds and patches*:] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

823. —*your*—] The folio reads *you*.
HENDERSON.

826. —*laps'd in time and passion*,—] That, having suffered *time* to *slip*, and *passion* to *cool*, *let's go*, &c. JOHNSON.

833. Conceit *in weakest bodies strongest works*:] *Conceit* for *imagination*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And the *conceited* painter was so nice."
MALONE.

841. —*like life in* excrements.] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c.
POPE.

857. *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expression, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit*, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour*, or must have meant to vary his dress at this his last appearance. The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:

My father—in his habit—as he liv'd. STEEVENS.

862. *Ecstasy!*] *Ecstasy* in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: "—that bursting out of an *ecstacy* wherein she had long stood, like one beholding Medusa's head, lamenting," &c. STEEVENS.

874. —*do not spread the compost*, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences.
JOHNSON.

878.

878. —*curb*,—] That is, *bend* and *truckle*. Fr. *courber*. So, in *Pierce Plowman*:

"Then I *courbid* on my knees," &c.

STEEVENS.

884. *That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*
Of habit's devil, *is angel yet in this*;] This passage is left out in the two elder folios: it is certainly corrupt, and the players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's devil* certainly arose from some conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was necessary, in contrast to *angel*. The emendation of the text I owe to the sagacity of Dr. Thirlby:

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, *is angel*, &c. THEOBALD.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently opposed. JOHNSON.

890. —*the next, more easy*:] This passage, as far as *potency*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

903. *One word more*, &c.] This passage I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

907. —his *mouse*;] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. chap. 10.

"God bless thee *mouse*, the bridegroom said," &c.

Again, in the *Menæchimi*, 1595: "Shall I tell thee, sweet *mouse*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife." STEEVENS.

908. —*reechy* kisses,] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The same, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer-Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

" —bade him go
" And wash his face, he look'd so *reechily*,
" Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

STEEVENS.

Reechy is certainly not *smoky*, but in an abusive signification. It properly means, *steaming with exsudation*, and seems to have been selected, to convey, in this place, its grossest import. HENLEY.

911. *That I essentially am not in madness,*
But mad in craft.—] The reader will be pleased to see Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Historie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his possession.—" It was not without cause, and juste occasion, that my gestures, countenances, and words, seeme to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to haue all men esteeme mee wholy depriued of sence and reasonable understanding, bycause I am well assured, that he that hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother (accustomed to murthers, and allured with desire of gouernement without controll in his treasons) will not spare to saue himselfe with the like crueltie, in the blood and flesh of the loyns of his brother, by him massacred: and therefore it is better for me to fayne madnesse, then to use my

my right sences as nature hath bestowed them upon me. The bright shining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide under this shadow of dissimulation. as the sun doth hir beams vnder some great cloud, when the wether in summer time ouercasteth: the face of a madman serueth to couer my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therin, I may preserue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late deceased father, for that the desire of reuenging his death is so ingrauen in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I hope to take such and so great vengeance, that these countryes shall for euer speake thereof. Neuerthelesse I must stay the time, meanes, and occasion, lest by making ouer great hast, I be now the cause of mine own sodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that meanes end, before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discourteous man, must vse craft, and politike inuentions, such as a fine witte can best imagine, not to discouer his interprise: for seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth me, by dissimulation, subtilitie, and secret practices, to proceed therein." STEEVENS.

914. —*a* gib,] So in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, night-mare, trot."

Gib was a common name for a cat. So in Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose*, ver. 6204:

" —*gibbe* our cat,
" That waiteth mice and rats to killen."

STEEVENS.

917. *Unpeg the basket on the house's top,*
Let the birds fly;—] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story: " It is the story of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too." WARNER.

919. *To try* conclusions——] *i. e.* experiments. STEEVENS.

924. *I must to England*;——] Shakspere does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildensterne were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprise, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This last, however, may perhaps be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman. MALONE.

926. *There's letters seal'd*, &c.] The nine following verses are added out of the old edition. POPE.

927. —*adders fang'd*,] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poisonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes

antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

936. —*the* guts—] The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present; but was used by Lilly (who made the *first* attempt to polish our language) in his serious compositions. So in his *Midas*, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*. Stanyhurst often has it in his translation of Virgil, 1582:

"Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit *exta*."

"She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate smoake to conster." STEEVENS.

940. *Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.*] Shakspere has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the *Ghost*, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes.

JOHNSON.

Line 4. *Bestow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

5. —my good *lord*,—] The quartos read—*mine own* lord. STEEVENS.

19. —*out of* haunt,] *Out of haunt*, means *out of company*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Dido and her Sichæus shall want troops,
"And all the *haunt* be ours."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book V. chap. 26.

"And from the smith of heaven's wife allure the amorous *haunt*."

The place where men assemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"We talk here in the publick *haunt* of men."

STEEVENS.

26. —*like some ore*,] Shakspere seems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no less than precious. JOHNSON.

Minerals

Minerals are *mines*. So, in the *Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton, 1673, p. 34. Controversies of the times like "Spirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour nothing is done." STEEVENS.

42. *Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, *come away!*]

Mr. Pope takes notice, that I replace some verses that were imperfect (and, though of a *modern* date, seem to be genuine), by inserting two words. But to see what an accurate and faithful collator he is, I produced these verses in my *Shakspere Restored*, from a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that quarto. Upon the strength of this Mr. Pope comes and calls the lines *modern*, though they are in the quartos of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. Pope pretends to have collated. The verses carry the very stamp of Shakspere upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it, but it is not so diminished, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. I am far from affirming, that, by inserting the words, *For haply, slander*, I have given the poet's very words; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive powers of *slander*, in another of his plays:

"——No,

" ———No, 'tis *slander*;
" Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
" Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
" Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely
" All corners of the world." *Cymbeline.*

THEOBALD.

47. —*But soft,*] I have added these two words from the quartos. STEEVENS.

64. —*like an* ape,—] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Hanmer has received, and illustrated with the following note:

" It is the way of monkies in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on the side of their jaw, and then they keep it, till they have done with the rest." JOHNSON.

Surely this should be " like an *ape*, an *apple*."

FARMER.

73. *The body is with the king,*—] This answer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it should be, *The body is* not *with the king*, for *the king is not with the body*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's house (*i. e.* the present king's), yet the king (*i. e.* he who should have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the usurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean—*the guilt of the*

the murder lies with the king, but the king is *not where the body lies*. The affected obscurity of Hamlet must excuse so many attempts to procure something like a meaning. STEEVENS.

75. *Guil.* A thing, *my lord?*

Ham. Of nothing;] So, in the Spanish tragedy:

"In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing*."

And in one of Harvey's *Letters*, "a silly bug-beare, a sorry puffe of winde, *a thing of nothing*." FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"At what dost thou laugh?

"At *a thing of nothing*, at thee."

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"And believe a little thing would please her,

"A very little thing, *a thing of nothing*."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given here many parallelisms: but the origin of all is to be looked for, I believe, in the 144th Psalm, ver. 5. "Man is like a thing of nought." You must have observed, that the book of Common Prayer, and the translation of the Bible into English, furnished our old writers with many forms of expression, some of which are still in use.

WHALLEY.

76. —*Hide fox*,—] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*. HANMER.

The same sport is alluded to in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "—our unhandsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep

bo-peep with your grace, and cries—*All kid, as boys do.*"

This passage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

104. *'Alas, alas!*] This speech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

122. *With fiery quickness:*] These words are not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

123. —*the wind at* help,] *i. e.* at *hand*, ready,—ready to help or assist you. REMARKS.

144. ————set

Our sovereign process;—] *To set*, is an expression taken from the gaming-table. STEEVENS.

146. *By letters* conjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

By letters congruing. STEEVENS.

The reading of the folio is supported by the following passage in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl. let. "——making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution; to whom he proposed to send him [Hamlet], and by letters *desire* him to put him to death." So, also, by a subsequent line:

"*Ham.* Wilt thou know
"The effect of what I wrote?
"*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.
"*Ham.* An earnest *conjuration* from the king," &c.

The circumstances mentioned as inducing the king to send the prince to England, rather than elsewhere, are likewise found in *The Hystory of Hamblet*.

MALONE.

153.

183. *Craves*——] Thus the quartos. The folio —*claims*. STEEVENS.

160. *Good sir*, &c.] The remaining part of this scene is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

186. —*chief good, and market*—] If his highest good, and *that for which he sells his time*, be to sleep and feed. JOHNSON.

188. —*large discourse*,] Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

205. ——*Rightly, to be great*
Is not to stir without; &c.] This passage I have printed according to the copy. The sentiment of Shakspere is partly just, and partly romantick.

——*Rightly to be great*,
Is not to stir without great argument;

is exactly philosophical.

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake,

is the idea of a modern hero. *But then*, says he, *honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at stake, we must *find cause of quarrel in a straw*. JOHNSON.

210. *Excitements of my reason, and my blood*,] Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

216. —*continent*] *Continent*, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. So, in *King Lear*:

"Rive your concealing *continents*." STEEVENS.

225. *Spurns* enviously *at straws*;—] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and those of his time) for direct *aversion*, than for *malignity conceived at the sight of another's excellence or happiness*. STEEVENS.

228. —*to* collection;—] *i. e.* to deduce consequences from such premises. So, in *Cymbeline*, scene the last:

"——whose containing
"Is so from sense to hardness, that I can
"Make no *collection* of it."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

—*they* aim *at it*,] The quartos read—they *yawn* at it.

To *aim* is to guess. STEEVENS.

232. *Though nothing sure, yet much* unhappily.] *i. e.* though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

That *unhappy* once signified *mischievous*, may be known from P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* Book XIX. ch. 7. "the shrewd and *unhappie* foules which lie upon the lands, and eat up the seed new sowne." We still use *unlucky* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

233. *'Twere good, she were spoken with*;—] These lines are given to the queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto.

I think the two first lines of Horatio's speech belong to him, the rest to the queen. BLACKSTONE.

237. *—to some great* amiss:] Shakspere is not singular in his use of this word as a substantive. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiss*."

Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" Pale be my looks to witness my *amiss*."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Conycatcher*, &c. 1592: " —revive in them the memory of my great *amiss*." STEEVENS.

242. *How should I your true love*, &c.] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, is more pathetick than this scene, which I suppose proceeds from the utter insensibility of Ophelia to her own misfortunes.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter, the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

244. *By his cockle hat, and staff,*

And by his sandal shoon.] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. WARBURTON.

So, in Green's *Never too Late*, 1616, a pilgrim is described;

"A hat of straw like to a swain,
"Shelter for the sun and rain,
"With a *scallop-shell* before," &c.

Again, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595: "I will give thee a Palmer's *staff* of yvorie, and a *scallop-shell* of beaten gold." STEEVENS.

257. Larded *all with sweet flowers;*] The expression is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

258. —*did go.*] The old editions read—*did* not *go*. STEEVENS.

261. —*the owl was a Baker's daughter.*] This was a legendary story, which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect. Our Saviour being refused bread by the *daughter of a Baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an *owl*. STEEVENS.

267. *To-morrow is*, &c.] Without doubt,

"*Good-morrow*, 'tis *Saint Valentine's* day.

FARMER.

271. —don'd *his clothes*,] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

272. *And* dupt *the chamber-door*;] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were easy to write,

And op'd——— JOHNSON.

To *dup* was a common contraction of to *do up*. So in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582: "—the porters are drunk, will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

Lord

Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second Æneid, renders *Panduntur portæ*, &c. "The gates *cast up*, we issued out to play." The phrase seems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*. Again, in the *Cooke's Play*, in the Chester collection of mysteries, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 140.

"*Open up* hell-gates anon."

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bellman of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypsies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, signified *to open the door*. STEEVENS.

277. *By* Gis,—] I rather imagine it should be read,

By Cis,———

That is, by St. Cecily. JOHNSON.

——by *Saint Charity*,] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholicks. Spenser mentions her, Eclog. 5, 255.

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity!*"

I find, *by Gisse*, used as an adjuration, both by Gascoigne in his Poems, by Preston in his *Cambyses*, and in the comedy of *See me, and see me not*, 1618:

"By *Gisse* I swear, were I so fairly wed," &c.

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1599:

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be past," &c.

Again, in Heywood's 23d Epigram, Fourth Hundred:

"Nay, by *Gis*, he looketh on you, maister, quoth he."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity.*"

STEEVENS.

In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge, and the friars and nunne in the first part of *The troublesome Raigne of King John,* (edit. 1779, p. 256, &c.) the nunne swears *by Gis,* and the friers pray to *Saint Withold,* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *King Lear,* act iii.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them.

BLACKSTONE.

By Gis——

There is not the least mention of any saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar,* the service *in Usum Sacrum,* or in the Benedictionary of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus,* the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c.

RIDLEY.

280. *By cock,*——] This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth act of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

STEEVENS.

282. *He answers.*] These words I have added from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

290. Come, my coach! *good night, ladies; good night,*——] In Marlow's *Tamburlaine,* 1591, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression:

"Hell *make ready my coach,* my chair, my jewels. I *come,* I *come.*"

MALONE.

301. ——*but* greenly,] But *unskilfully*; with *greenness*; that is, without *maturity* of judgment. JOHNSON.

302. *In* hugger-mugger *to inter him:*—] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it,

In private *to inter him*;——

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is sufficient that they are Shakspere's: if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

This expression is used in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

"——he died like a politician

"In *hugger-mugger*."

Shakspere probably took the expression from the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch:—"Antonius thinking that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*."

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Conycatching*, 1592, that *to hugger* was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

307. Feeds *on his wonder*,—] The folio reads,

Keeps *on his wonder*,——

The quarto,

Feeds *on* this *wonder*,——

Thus

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. JOHNSON.

310. *Wherein necessity*, &c.] *Wherein*, that is, *in which pestilent speeches necessity*, or *the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick*, &c. JOHNSON.

313. *Like to a murdering piece*,—] Such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. WARBURTON.

This explanation of Dr. Warburton is right; and a passage in *The Double Marriage* of Beaumont and Fletcher will justify it:

"And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,
"But all that stand within the dangerous level."
STEEVENS.

Both this passage, and the context of Shakspere, shew, that the *murdering piece* had not *many* barrels, but *one*, very capacious; or, in other words, was, what is now styled a *blunderbuss*. HENLEY.

315. *Alack!* &c.] This speech of the queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

316. —*my Switzers?*——] Mr. Reed remarks, that in many of our old plays, the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*; without any regard to the country where the scene lies, and cites in particular, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, act iii. scene 1.

"——was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
"Of

" Of marrow-bones, that people call the *Switzers?*
" Men made of beef and sarcenet?"

319. *The ocean, over-peering of his* list,] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. JOHNSON.

330. *O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

341. —*unsmirched brow*] *i. e.* clean, not defiled. To *besmirch*, our author uses, act i. sc. 5. STEEVENS.

374. —*life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. let. no date:

" Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to observe,
" And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on hye?
" Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—
" For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye?"

It is almost needless to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

380. —*to your judgment* 'pear,] So the quarto; the folio, and all the later editions, read,

———*to your judgment* pierce,

less intelligibly. JOHNSON.

This elision of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid in the Mill*:

" They *'pear* so handsomely, I will go forward."

Again,

" And

" And where they *'pear* so excellent in little,
" They will but flame in great." STEEVENS.

394. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2879:

" He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
" Therwith he wept that pitee was to here."

STEEVENS.

400. —*sing, Down-a-down.*——] Perhaps Shakspere alludes to *Phœbe's Sonnet*, by Thomas Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" *Downe a-downe,*
" Thus Phillis sung,
" By fancy once distressed, &c.
" And so sing I, with *downe a-downe,*" &c.

Down a-down is likewise the burthen of a song in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

401. *O, how the* wheel *becomes it!*——] The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to *spin*. JOHNSON.

You must sing Down a-down, &c.

O how the wheel *becomes it!*—] The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. I met with the following observation in an old quarto black letter book, published before the time of Shakspere:

" The song was accounted a good one, thogh it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof."

I quote

I quote this from memory, and from a book of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the passage was in a preface to some songs or sonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in other old books.

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient musical term in Latin for the burden of a song.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers-Company. "October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *False Steward*," &c. STEEVENS.

O, how the wheel *becomes it!*] I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here used in its ordinary sense, and that these words allude to the occupation of the girl who is supposed to sing the song quoted by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add some support to this interpretation:

"Some drunken rimer thinks his time well spent,
"If he can live to see his name in print;
"Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
"And sees his handselle have such fair successe,
"*Sung* to *the wheele*, and sung unto the payle,
"He sends forth thraves of *ballads* to the sale."

Our author likewise furnishes an authority to the same purpose. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.

"———Come, the *song* we had last night:—
"The *spinsters* and the knitters in the sun
"Do use to *chaunt* it."

A musical

A musical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text allude to an ancient instrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*.

It is likewise enumerated with other instruments in the old metrical romance, called, *The Squire of low Degree*, bl. let.

"There was myrth and melodye,
"With harpe, getron, and sautry,
"With *rote*, ribible, and clokarde,
"With pypes, organ, and bumbard."

MALONE.

404. *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

"What flowers are these?—
"The *Pansie* this.
"O, that's for lovers' *thoughts!*"

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, act iii. sc. 3. And from another in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —will I be *wed* this morning,
" Thou shalt not be there, nor once be graced
" With a piece of *rosemary*."

Again, in the *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: " I meet few but are stuck with *rosemary*: every one asked me who was to be *married*."

Again, in Green's *Never too Late*, 1616: " —she hath given thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top-gallant for all the rest, is set in *rosemary for remembrance*."

Again, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phœnix*, by R. Chester, 1601:

" There's *rosemarie*, the Arabians justifie
" (Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)
" It comforteth the braine and *memorie*," &c.

STEEVENS.

409. *There's* fennel *for you, and* columbines:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel, women's weeds*: " fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly."

Among Turbervile's *Epitaphes*, &c. p. 42, b. I likewise find the following mention of *fennel*:

" Your *fenell* did declare
" (As simple men can showe)
" That flattrie in my breast I bare
" Where friendship ought to grow."

I know not of what *columbines* were supposed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

"What's that?—a *columbine?*

"No: that *thankless* flower grows not in my garden."

Gerard, however, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be styled *thankless*, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *columbine* amongst, they sparingly do set."

From the *Caltha Poëtarum*, 1599, it should seem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

"—the blew *cornuted* columbine,

"Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy."

STEEVENS.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom, on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See Aquilegia, in Linnæus's Genera, 684. S. W.

410. *There's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it*, herb of grace o'Sundays:] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *rue*. And the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we may call it *herb of grace o'Sundays*. Sandys tells us, that at Grand Cairo there is a species of *rue* much in

in request, with which the inhabitants perfume themselves, not only as a preservative against infection, but as very powerful against evil spirits. And the cabalistic Gaffarel pretends to have discovered the reason of its virtue, *La semence de rue est faicte comme une croix, et c'est paraventure la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possedez, et que l'Eglise s'en sert en les exorcisant.* It was on the same principle that the Greeks called *sulphur* θεῖον, because of its use in their superstitious purgations by fire. Which too the Romish priests employ to fumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it.

WARBURTON.

There's rue for you; and here's some for me, &c.] I believe there is a quibble meant in this passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *King Richard II.*

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in Decker's *Satiromastix*. I suppose the first syllable of the surname *Rufus* introduced the quibble.

In *Doctor Do-good's Directions*, an ancient ballad, is the same allusion:

"If a man have light fingers that he cannot charme,
"Which will pick men's pockets, and do such like harme,

"He must be let blood, in a scarfe wear his arme,
"And drink the *herb grace* in a posset luke-warme." STEEVENS.

The following passage from Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, will furnish the best reason for calling *rue* herb of grace *o'Sundays*: "—some of them smil'd and said, *Rue* was called *Herbegrace*, which though they scorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and it was never too late to say *miserere*." HENLEY.

411. *You may wear your rue* with a difference.] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms *with a difference*, or mark of distinction. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443: "because he was the youngest of the Spensers, he bare a border gules for a *difference*."

There may, however, be somewhat more implied here than is expressed. *You madam* (says Ophelia to the queen), *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name*, HERB OF GRACE, *and so wear it with a difference, to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *sorrow*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the difference consisted in Ophelia's wearing *rue*, as an emblem of *ruing* her own *unsuccessful passion*; whereas she gives *rue* to the queen, as *herb of grace o'Sundays*; to imply that she ought to *repent* the gratification of *her's*, by means of an *incestuous* marriage. HENLEY.

412.

412. —*There's a* daisy:—] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, has explained the significance also of this flower.—"Next them grew the DISSEMBLING *daisie*, to warne such light of love wenches, not to trust every faire promise that such amorous bachelors make them" HENLEY.

416. *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*—] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act iv. sc. 1.

"——I can sing the broom,
"And *Bonny Robin*."

In the books of the Stationers-Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered "A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin*." STEEVENS.

428. *God a'mercy on his soul!*
And of all Christian souls!——] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Berthelette, the publisher of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, speaking first of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, says, "—he lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster, &c. *On whose soules and all christen, Jesu have mercie.*" STEEVENS.

432. —*common*——] Should not the king say, "Laertes, I must *commune* with your grief," &c.
HENDERSON.

444. *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,*] This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not

only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

476. —*for the* bore *of the matter*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (says Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.*

JOHNSON.

503. —*the general gender*——] The *common race* of the people. JOHNSON.

505. Work, *like the spring*—] This simile is neither very seasonable in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately applied. If the *spring* had changed base metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, instead of—*work*, reads—*would*.

STEEVENS.

507. —*for so loud a wind,*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads—for so *lov'd, arm'd*. If these words have any meaning, it should seem to be—The instruments of offence I employ, would have proved too weak to injure one who is so *loved and arm'd* by the affection of the people. Their love, like *armour*, would revert the arrow to the bow. STEEVENS.

512. —*if praises may go back again,*] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.

JOHNSON.

517. *That we can let our beard be shook with danger,*] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning

learning of Shakspere have told us that this line is imitated from Persius, Sat. 2.

" *Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam*
" *Jupiter?*" STEEVENS.

521. *How now?* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

522. *Letters*, &c.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

527. *Of him that brought them.*] I have restored this hemistich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

558. *Laer.*] The next sixteen lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

567. *Of the unworthiest* siege.] Of the lowest rank. *Siege*, for *seat, place.* JOHNSON.

So in *Othello:*

" —I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *siege.*" STEEVENS.

576. —*can*——] The folio reads, *ran.* HENDERSON.

581. —*in forgery of shapes and tricks,*] I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

591. —*in your defence,*] That is, in the *science* of defence. JOHNSON.

594. —*the* scrimers—] The *fencers.* JOHNSON.

This passage is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

607. —*love is begun by time*;] This is obscure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to

to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNSON.

608. *—passages of proof,*] In transactions of daily experience. JOHNSON.

610. *There lives,* &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio. STEEVENS.

618. *And then this* should *is like a spendthrift's* sigh,
That hurts by easing.—] This nonsense should be read thus:

And then this should *is like a spendthrift's* sign,
That hurts by easing;——

i. e. though a spendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a present relief from his straits, yet it ends in much greater distresses. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now, when it may be done with ease and safety, time may throw so many difficulties in your way, that, in order to surmount them, you must put your whole fortune into hazard. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is so ingenious, that it can hardly be opposed, but with the same reluctance as the bow is drawn against a hero whose virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what Voltaire writes to the empress:

Le genereux François——
Te combat et t' admire.

Yet this emendation, however specious, is mistaken. The original reading is, not a *spendthrift's* sigh, but a *spendthrift sigh*; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent,

lent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

Hence Shakspere, in *King Henry VI.* calls them

"—blood-consuming *sighs*."

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Why staye you not in tyme the source of your scorching *sighs*, that have already drayned your body of his wholesome humoures, appointed by nature to give sucke to the entrals and inward partes of you?" MALONE.

631. —*he, being remiss,*] He being not vigilant or cautious. JOHNSON.

636. *A sword unbated,*—] *i. e.* not blunted as foils are. Or, as one edition has it, *embated* or *envenomed*. POPE.

There is no such reading as *embated* in any edition. In Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch, is said of one of the *Metelli*, that "he shewed the people the cruel sight of fencers at *unrebated* swords." STEEVENS.

—*a pass of* practice,] *Practice* is often by Shakspere, and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy* treason, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thrust for exercise*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about You*, 1600:

"I pray God there be no *practice* in this change."

Again: "—the man is like to die?

"*Practice* by th' mass, *practice* by the, &c.—

"*Practice* by the Lord, *practice*, I see it clear."

Again,

Again, more appositely, in our author's *Twelfth Night*, act v. sc. ult.

"This *practice* hath most shrewdly *pass'd* upon thee." STEEVENS.

646. It is a matter of surprise, that no one of Shakspere's numerous and able commentators has remarked with proper warmth and detestation, the villanous assassin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot. There is the more occasion that he should be here pointed out an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are, in some preceding parts of the play, led to respect and admire. REMARKS.

649. *May fit us to our shape:*—] May *enable* us to *assume proper characters*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

653. —*blast in* proof.——] The word *proof* shews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blast* or *burst* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

658. ——*I'll have* prepar'd *him*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,

I'll have *prefer'd* him. STEEVENS.

660. *If he by chance escape your venom'd* stuck,] For *stuck* read *tuck*, a common name for a *rapier*. BLACKSTONE.

Stuck may yet be right. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606: "Ay, here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stucke* in his pen." Again, in our author's *Twelfth Night*: "And he gives me the *stuck* with such a mortal motion."——

The

The quarto of 1637, however, has the reading proposed by Sir William Blackstone. MALONE.

661. —*But stay, what noise?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

663. *One woe doth tread upon another's heel*] A similar thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
" That may succeed as his inheritor."

STEEVENS.

666. —ascaunt *the brook*,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *aslant*. *Ascaunce* is interpreted in the Glossary to Chaucer,—*askew, aside, sideways*.

STEEVENS.

668. —*and* long purples,] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *testiculus morionis*. The *grosser name* by which it passes, is sufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakspere lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Sussex it is still called *dead men's hands*; and that in Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, its various names, too gross for repetition, are preserved.

Dead men's thumbs are mentioned in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The Deceased Maiden Lover*:

" Then round the meddowes did she walke
" Catching each flower by the stalke,
" Such as within the meddowes grew
" As *dead mans thumbe* and hare-bell blew."

670. —*liberal*—] As in other instances, *licentious*. REED.

677.

677. *Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;*] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiously ridicules this incident:

"I will run mad first, and if that get not pity,
"I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty."

WARBURTON.

The quartos read—"snatches of old *lauds*," i. e. *hymns*. STEEVENS.

678. *As one* incapable *of her own distress,*] As one having no *understanding* or knowledge of her danger. See a former note on the words—

"————preaching to stones,
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

690. *The woman will be out.*——] *i. e.* tears will flow. So, in another of our author's plays:

"And all *the woman* came into my eyes."

MALONE.

ACT V.

Line 3. —*MAKE her grave* straight:——] Make her grave from east to west, in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *christian burial*,

burial, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. My interpretation may be justified from the following passages in *King Henry V.* and the play before us: "—We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house *straight*."

Again, in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

"*Pol.* He will come *straight*."

Again, in the *Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Lis.* Do you fight *straight*?

"*Clar.* Yes, presently."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"—we'll come and dress you *straight*."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Farewel, my Desdemona, I will come to thee *straight*." STEEVENS.

11. —*an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform.*] Ridicule on scholastick divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

23. —*crowner's quest-law.*] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It seems her husband Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did

not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtilties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest-law*. The expression, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakspere was acquainted with, and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occasion a great deal of subtilty was used, to ascertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cause of Sir James's madness was the circumstance of his having been the judge who condemned *Lady Jane Gray*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

29. *—their* even *Christian.*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old English expression for fellow-christian. THIRLBY.

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland:* "If freres cannot or mow not excuse 'hem of these questions asked of 'hem, it semeth that they be horrible giltie against God, and *ther even Christian*," &c.

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 102.

"Of beautie sighe he never hir *even*."

Again, Chaucer's *Persones Tale:* "—of his neighbour, that is to sayn, of his *even cristen*," &c. STEEVENS.

35. 2 *Clown.*] This speech, and the next, as far as *—without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

53. *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] If it be not sufficient to say, with Dr. Warburton, that this phrase might be taken from husbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preserved in the additions to Holinshed, p. 1546:

"My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,
"My foot is sore, I can work no more."

FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.

"Here I'll *unyoke* a while and turne my steeds to meet."

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* p. 593, "in the evening, and when thou dost *unyoke*." STEEVENS.

68. *In youth, when I did love*, &c.] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called, *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of King Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason. THEOBALD.

The original poem from which this stanza is taken, like the other succeeding ones, is preserved among Lord Surrey's Poems; though as Dr. Percy has observed, it is attributed to Lord Vaux by George Gascoigne. See an epistle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the rest of his works, 1575. By

others it is supposed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

" *I lothe that I did love;*
" *In youth that I thought sweet:*
" *As time requires, for my behove,*
" *Methinks they are not meete.*"

All these difficulties, however (says the Rev. Thomas Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 45), are at once adjusted by MS. Harl. 1703, 25, in the British Museum, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with the title, " A dyttye or sonnet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of death."

The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

STEEVENS.

76. *As if I had never been such.*] Thus in the original:

" *For age with stealing steps*
" *Hath clawde me with his crowck;*
" *And lusty youthe away he leapes,*
" *As there had bene none such.*" STEEVENS.

80. *—a politician—one that would circumvent God;*] This character is finely touched. Our great historian has well explained it in an example, where, speaking of the death of Cardinal Mazarine, at the time of the Restoration, he says, " The cardinal was probably struck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd-of

dream'd-of prosperity of our king's affairs: as if he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart, that God Almighty would bring such a work to pass in Europe without his concurrence, and even against all his machinations." *History of Rebellion*, Book XVI.

WARBURTON.

86. *This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it*;—] So, in *Timon of Athens*, act i.

" —my lord, you gave
" Good words the other day of a bay courser
" I rode on; it is yours, because you lik'd it."

STEEVENS.

90. —*and now my lady worm's*;] The scull that was *my lord Such-a-one's* is now *my lady Worm's*.

JOHNSON.

94. —*play at loggats*—] A play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl. JOHNSON.

—*to play at loggats with 'em?*—] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins: I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rusticks present.

So Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, act iv. sc. 6.

" Now are they tossing his legs and arms,
" Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

So in an old collection of epigrams, satires, &c.

" To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" ——two hundred crowns!
" I've lost as much at *loggats*."

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the statute of 33 Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

A *loggat*-ground, like a skittle-ground, is strewed with ashes, but is more extensive; a bowl much larger than the jack at the game of bowls is thrown first. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner, and higher at one extremity than the other. The bowl being first thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in such a manner that the pin may turn once round in the air, and slide with the thinner extremity foremost towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

99. *For such a guest is meet.*] Thus in the original.

" *A picke-axe and a spade,*
" *And eke a shrowding sheet;*
" *A house of clay for to be made,*
" *For such a guest most meet.*" STEEVENS.

101. ——*quiddits*, &c.] *i. e.* subtilties. So in *Soliman and Perseda:*

" I am

"I am wise, but *quiddits* will not answer death." STEEVENS.

104. *—the sconce——*] *i. e.* the head. STEEVENS.

108. *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,—*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

119. —assurance *in that.—*] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

140. *—by the* card,—] The *card* is a *sea-chart*, still so termed by mariners: and the word is afterwards used by Osrick in the same sense. Hamlet's meaning will therefore be, we must speak *directly forward, in a straight line*, plainly to the point. REMARKS.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"And the very ports they blow, &c.

"On the shipman's *card.*" STEEVENS.

142. *—the age is grown so* picked,—] So *smart*, so *sharp*, says Hanmer, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* shoe, that is, *a shoe with a long pointed toe*, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion.* JOHNSON.

This fashion of wearing shoes with long pointed toes was carried to such excess in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation so long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, "that the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not

not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London;—and for other countries and towns the like order was taken.—Before this time, and since the year 1382, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least with silken laces."

STEEVENS.

150. ——*that young Hamlet was born*;—] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, *i. e.* to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE.

196. ——*my lady's* chamber,——] Thus the folio. The quartos read—my lady's *table*, meaning, I suppose, her *dressing-table*. STEEVENS.

219. —*winter's* flaw!] Winter's *blast*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" —no doubt this stormy *flaw*,
" That Neptune sent to cast us on this shore."

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw.

STEEVENS.

222. —*maimed rites!*——] Imperfect obsequies. JOHNSON.

224.

224. Foredo *its own life.*] To *foredo*, is to undo, to destroy. So, in *Othello*:

"——this is the night
"That either makes me or *foredoes* me quite."

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "—wolde to God it might be leful for me to *fordoo* myself, or to make an ende of me!" STEEVENS.

230. *Priest.*] This *Priest* in the old quarto is called *Doctor*. STEEVENS.

230. *Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd*
As we have warranty:—] Is there any allusion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the minister and church-wardens of a parish, and permitting the body of a person, who comes to an untimely end, to receive Christian burial? WHALLEY.

236. —*allow'd her virgin* crants,] *Crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a *maiden*, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it, and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction. JOHNSON.

In

In Minshew's *Dictionary*, see *Beades*, where *roosen krants* means *sertum rosarium*; and such is the name of a character in this play. TOLLET.

238. *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

242. *To sing a* Requiem,] A *Requiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. The folio reads—sing *sage* requiem. STEEVENS.

288. *Woo't drink up* Esil? *eat a crocodile?*] This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overyssel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature; and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

Wilt drink up Eisel? *eat a crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowness

lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

Hanmer has,

Wilt drink up Nile? *or eat a crocodile?*

Hamlet certainly meant (for he says he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal, whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakspere meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up*; which means, *totally to exhaust*; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the cholic.

The commentator's *Yssel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine. This river is twice mentioned by Stowe, p. 735. "It standeth a good distance from the river *Issell*, but hath a sconce on *Issel* of incredible strength."

Again, by Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

"The one *O'er Isell's* banks the ancient Saxons taught;

"At *Over Isell* rest, the other did apply."

And, in *K. Richard II.* a thought in part the same, occurs, act ii. sc. 2.

"——the task he undertakes

"Is numb'ring sands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But

But in an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces, I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Esil*, or *Eisill*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Esa*, the *Oesil*, and some others. The word, like many more, may indeed be irrecoverably corrupted; but I must add, that no authors later than Chaucer or Skelton make use of *eysel* for *vinegar*: nor has Shakspere employed it in any other of his plays. The poet might have written the *Weisel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltick ocean, and could not be unknown to any prince of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens appears to have forgot our author's 111th sonnet:

" I will drinke
" Potions of *Eysell*."

I believe it has not been observed that many of these sonnets are addressed to his beloved nephew *William Harte*. FARMER.

I have since observed, that *Mandeville* has the same word. STEEVENS.

Why should Mr. Steevens object to the authority of Chaucer and Skelton for the use of this word, and yet adduce them to authenticate the sense of others? Surely the following passage from the latter of these Poets, together with the other instances subjoined, must put the meaning beyond all question:

" Christe by crueltie
" Was nayled upon a tree
" He pay'd a bitter pencion

" For

" For mans redemption
" He drank *eisel* and gall
" To redeme us withall."

Again, in the *Customs of London*: "—Item in the chyrche of saynt crucis there is a chambre or a chappell within that pope sylvestre named Jherusalem there is the bonde that Chryste was led with to his crucyfyeng and there ben ii. sausers the one is full of Ihesus bloode and the other is ful of our ladyes melke and the sponge wherein was mengyth *eysell* and gall." HENLEY.

297. *Queen.*] This speech in the 1st and 2d folio is given to the king. MALONE.

300. When *that her golden couplets*—] We should read, E'er *that*—for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation, that is here spoken of. The pigeon generally sits upon two eggs; and her young, when first disclosed, are covered with a yellow down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it should be,

Ere yet———

Yet and *that* are easily confounded. JOHNSON.

To *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch*. So, in the *Boke of Huntyng, Hawkyng, Fyshyng*, &c. bl. let. no date: "First they ben eges; and after they ben *disclosed*, haukes; and commonly goshaukes ben *disclosed* as some as the choughes." To *exclude* is the technical term at present. I believe neither commentator has rightly explained this image. During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets* (for she

lays no more than *two* eggs) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself; as all her young require in that early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male. STEEVENS.

Probably, in the manuscript, *y^t* might have been indiscriminately used for both *yet* and *that*. HENLEY.

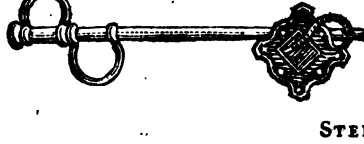
312. —*shortly*] The second and third quartos read, *thereby*. Perhaps rightly. STEEVENS.

314. Ham. *So much for this sir*, &c.] *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. furnished our author with the scheme of sending the prince to England, and with most of the circumstances described in this scene. MALONE.

319. —mutines *in the bilboes*,——] *Mutines*, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes* the *ship's prison*. JOHNSON.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain, where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakspere's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep*. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shewn in the

Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada. The following is the figure of them.



STEEVENS.

319. ——*Rashly,*

And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,

Our *indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

When, &c.] The sense in this reading is, *Our rashness lets us know that our indiscretion serves us well, when,* &c. But this could never be Shakspere's sense. We should read and point thus:

——*Rashness*

(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know;

Or *indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

When, &c.] *i. e.* Rashness acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots. WARBURTON.

Both my copies read,

——Rashly,

And prais'd be rashness for it, let *us know.*

Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, That he *rashly*——and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly——praised be rashness for it——*Let us* not think these events casual, but *let us know,* that is, *take notice, and remember,* that we sometimes succeed by *indiscretion,* when we *fail* by *deep plots,* and infer the perpetual superintendance and *agency* of the *Divi-*

nity. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON.

This passage, I think, should be thus distributed:

———Rashly
(And prais'd be rashness, for it lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—
Hor. That is most certain.—)

Ham. Up from my cabin, &c.] So that *rashly* may be joined in construction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them*. TYRWHITT.

322. *When our* deep *plots do* fail:——] The folio reads—When our *dear* plots do *paule*. MALONE.

323. *There's a divinity that* shapes our ends,
Rough-hew *them how we will*.] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; "——he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspere's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinn'd up with *skewers*. STEEVENS.

336. *With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life;*] With *such causes of terror*, rising from my character and designs. JOHNSON.

A *bug*

A *bug* was no less a terrifick being than a goblin. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 3.

" As ghastly *bug* their haire on end does reare."

We call it at present a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

337. —*no leisure* bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, signifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

344. *Being thus benetted round with villains,*
Ere I could make *a prologue to my* brains,
They had begun the play;—] Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play*. Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to himself what should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

348. —*as our* statists *do*,] A *statist* is a *statesman*. So, in Shirley's *Humourous Courtier*, 1640:

" —that he is wise, a *statist*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

" Will screw you out a secret from a *statist*."

STEEVENS.

Most of the great men of Shakspere's time, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones.

BLACKSTONE.

357. *As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,*
And stand a comma *'tween their amities* ;] Peace is here properly and finely personalized as the goddess of good league and friendship; and very classically dressed out. Ovid says,

"*Pax cererum nutrit, Pacis alumna Ceres.*"

And Tibullus,

"*At nobis,* Pax *alma! veni,* spicam*que teneto.*"

WARBURTON.

The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction. Shakspere had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unless England complied with the mandate, *war should put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that *Peace should stand a* comma *between their amities.* This is not an easy style; but is it not the style of Shakspere? JOHNSON.

370. *The* changeling *never known* :—] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

374. *Why, man,* &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

376. *Doth by their own* insinuation *grow* :] *Insinuation,* for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WARBURTON.

386. *To quit him*—] To requite him; to pay him his due. JOHNSON.

This passage, as well as the three following speeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

396. *I'll* count *his favours*:] Thus the folio. I'll *count* his favours is—*I will make account* of them, *i. e. reckon upon them, value them.* STEEVENS.

401. —*Dost know this water-fly?*] A *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNSON.

407. —*'Tis a chough*;—] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

417. *But yet, methinks, it is very sultry*, &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the same face with Osrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

418. —or *my complexion*——] The folio reads—*for* my complexion. STEEVENS.

425. *Sir*, &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes only, *Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.* STEEVENS.

426. —*full of most excellent differences*,—] Full of *distinguishing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

428. —*speak* feelingly——] The first quarto reads, *sellingly*. STEEVENS.

429. —*the* card *or* calender *of gentry*;——] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which

which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

429. —*for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*] *You shall find him containing* and comprising, every *quality* which a *gentleman* would desire to *contemplate* for imitation, I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent.* JOHNSON.

432. *Sir, his definement,* &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows." WARBURTON.

434. —*and yet but* raw *neither,*—] *Raw* signifies *unripe, immature,* thence *unformed, imperfect, unskilful.* The best account of him would be *imperfect,* in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for *activity of mind.* JOHNSON.

436, ——*a soul of great* article;—] This is obscure. I suppose, *a soul of great article,* means *a soul of large* comprehension, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory, are called *articles.* JOHNSON.

437. *——of such dearth——*] *Dearth* is *dearness*, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity. JOHNSON.

445. *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, sir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark, the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, *Might not all this be understood in plainer language?* But then, *you will do it, sir, really*, seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't possible* not to be understood in a mother *tongue?* You will do it, sir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppose we were to point the passage thus: Is't not possible to understand? In another tongue you will do it, sir, really.

The speech seems to be addressed to *Osrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

453. *—if you did——it would not much* approve *me.*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve* is to *recommend to approbation.* JOHNSON.

457. *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him*, &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom. JOHNSON.

462. *—in his meed—*] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

468. —*impon'd*—] To *impone* means to put down, to stake, from the verb *impono*. REMARKS.

470. —*hangers*,——] It appears from several old plays, that what was called a *Case of Hangers*, was anciently worn. So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"He has a fair sword, but his *hangers* are fallen."

Again,

"He has a feather, and fair *hangers* too."

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"————a rapier

"Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and *hangers* of the new fashion." STEEVENS.

475. —*you must be edified by the* margent,—] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II. 1630:

"—I read

"Strange comments in those *margins* of your looks."

This speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

478. —*more germane*—] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

485. *The king, sir, hath laid*—] This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The passage is of no importance; it is sufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the passage

passage as it stands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine.* JOHNSON.

505. *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Osrick did not run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing* ran *away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News:*

" ———and coachmen
" To mount their boxes reverently, and drive
" Like *lapwings with a shell upon their heads*
" Thorough the streets."

And I have since met with it in several other plays. The meaning, I believe, is—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

" —*Forward* lapwing,
" He flies with the shell on's head."

Again, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616: " Are you no sooner hatched, with the *lapwing*, but you will run away with *the shell on your head?*"

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

" Boldness enforces youth to hard achievements
" Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*
" From their warm nest, part of the *shell yet sticking*
" Unto their downy heads." STEEVENS.

509. —*the same* breed,——] It is *heavy* in the first folio,

folio, and there may be a propriety in it, as he has just called him a *lapwing*. TOLLET.

—*and* many *more of the same* breed.] The first folio has—*and* mine *more of the same* heavy. The second folio—*and* nine *more*, &c. Perhaps the last is the true reading. STEEVENS.

,510. —outward *habit of encounter*;——] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*out of an* habit of encounter. STEEVENS.

Outward habit of encounter—i. e. exterior politeness of address; in allusion to Osrick's last speech. HENLEY.

511. —*a kind of* yesty *collection, which carries them through and through the most* fond *and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.*] The metaphor is strangely mangled by the intrusion of the word *fond*, which undoubtedly should be read *fann'd*; the allusion being to corn separated by the fan from chaff and dust. But the editors seeing from the character of this *yesty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were so currently *carried*, were false opinions; and *fann'd and winnow'd opinions*, in the most obvious sense, signifying *tried and purified* opinions; they thought *fann'd* must needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word signified, in our author's time, foolish, weak, or childish. They did not consider that *fann'd and winnow'd opinions* had also a different signification; for it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men separated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is separated from chaff. This *yesty collection*, says Hamlet, insinuates itself into people of the highest quality, as

yest into the finest flour. The courtiers admire him, when he comes to the trial, &c. WARBURTON.

This is a very happy emendation; but I know not why the critick should suppose that *fond* was printed for *fann'd* in consequence of any reason or reflection. Such errors, to which there is no temptation but idleness, and of which there was no cause but ignorance, are in every page of the old editions. This passage in the quarto stands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the most sane and renowned opinions," which is better than fann'd and winnow'd.

The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carried them through the most select and approving judgments. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men."

Who has not seen this observation verified?

JOHNSON.

Fond is evidently opposed to *winnowed*. *Fond*, in the language of Shakspere's age, signified *foolish*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou naughty jailer, why art thou so *fond*?" &c.

Winnowed is *sifted, examined*. The sense is then, that their conversation was yet successful enough to make

them passable not only with the weak, but with those of sounder judgment. The same opposition in terms is visible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is opposed to *trenowned*, or *thrice renowned*. STEEVENS.

513. *—do but blow them,* &c.] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

515. *My* lord, &c.] All that passes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

527. *—gentle entertainment—*] Mild and temperate conversation. JOHNSON.

536. *—a kind of* gain-giving——] *Gain-giving* is the same as *mis-giving*. STEEVENS.

538. *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:——*] With the presages of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the conclusions of his plays; and sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The supposition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however

ever injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and the superstitious. STEEVENS.

561. *Sir*, &c.] This passage I have restored from the folio. STEEVENS.

566. *I am satisfied in* nature, &c.] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission.

There is a passage somewhat similar in the *Maid's Tragedy:*

"*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?

"*Mel.* Stay, I must *ask mine honour* first."

STEEVENS.

570. *'Till by some* elder masters, *of known honour,*] This is said in allusion to English custom. I learn from an ancient MS. of which the reader will find a more particular account in a note to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. I. p. 260, that in queen Elizabeth's time there were "four *ancient masters* of defence," in the city of London. They appear to have been the referees in many affairs of honour, and exacted tribute from all inferior practitioners of the art of fencing, &c. STEEVENS.

593. —*the* stoups *of wine*——] A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*. STEEVENS.

598. *And in the cup an* union *shall he throw,*] In some editions,

And in the cup an onyx *shall he throw.*

This is a various reading in several of the old copies; but *union* seems to me to be the true word. If I am not mistaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns, and coronets. Besides, let us consider what the king says on Hamlet's giving Laertes the first hit:

Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl *is thine;*
Here's to thy health.

Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem, or stone, quite differing in its nature from *pearls*; the king saying, that Hamlet has earn'd the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonstration that it was an *union* pearl, which he meant to throw into the cup.

THEOBALD.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

"Ay, were it Cleopatra's *union*."

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*. "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would say singular and by themselves alone."

To swallow a *pearl* in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the second part of *If you know not Me, you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Gresham says:

"Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
"Instead of sugar, Gresham *drinks this pearle*
"Unto his queen and mistress." STEEVENS.

618. —*this* pearl *is thine*;] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,

—*Is the* union *here?* STEEVENS.

619. Queen. *He's* fat, *and scant of breath.*] It seems that *John Lowin*, who was the original *Falstaff*, was no less celebrated for his performance of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet.* See the *Historia Histrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of these characters, Shakspere might have put this observation in the mouth of her majesty, to apologize for the want of such elegance of person as an audience might expect to meet with in the representative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia speaks of as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture, as *Joseph Taylor* likewise acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakspere.

STEEVENS.

621. *The queen* carouses *to thy fortune, Hamlet.*] So, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"With full *carouses* to his fortune past."

"And bind that promise with a full *carouse*." Ib.

"Now, lord Urias, one *carouse* to me." Ibid.

STEEVENS.

633. —*you make a* wanton *of me.*] *i. e.* you trifle with me as if you were playing with a child.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" I would have thee gone,
" And yet no further than a *wanton*'s bird,
" That lets it hop a little from her hand,
" And with a silk thread pulls it back again."

REMARKS.

663. *Is the* union *here?*] In this place likewise the quarto reads, an *onyx*. STEEVENS.

673. *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *catastrophe*, or at most only *mute performers*, that fill the stage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

685. *—shall* live *behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read shall *I leave* behind me. STEEVENS.

695. *The potent poison quite* o'er-grows *my spirits;*] The first quarto and the first folio read,

———o'er-crows my spirit;

alluding perhaps to a victorious cock exulting over his conquered antagonist. The same word occurs in *Lingua*, &c. 1607:

" Shall I? th' embassadress of gods and men,
" That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
" And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
" Be *over-crow'd*, and breathe without revenge?"

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. v. sat. ii.

" Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
" That *over-croweth* all the world beside."

This phrase often occurs in the controversial pieces of Gabriel Harvey, 1593, &c. STEEVENS.

699.

699. —*the* occurrents—] *i. e.* incidents. The word is now disused. So, in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such strange *occurrents* of my fore-past life."

Again, in the *Baron's Wars*, by *Drayton*, Canto I.

"With each *occurrent* right in his degree."

STEEVENS.

700. *Which have* solicited,—] *Solicited*, for brought on the event. WARBURTON.

701. *Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet prince;*

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.] Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guieldenstern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives

gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says,

"Although

"Although his justice were as white as truth,
"His way was crooked to it; that condemns him."

The late Dr. Akenside once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakspere has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character.

STEEVENS.

See REMARKS, p. 217, to 224, in opposition to these strictures. REED.

707. *This quarry cries, on havock!*——] To *cry on*, was to *exclaim against*. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, *Havock*. JOHNSON.

708. *What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,*] Shakspere has already employed this allusion to the *Choes*, or *feasts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antoninus*. Our author likewise makes *Talbot* say to his son in the First Part of *King Henry VI.*

"Now

"Now art thou come unto a *feast of death.*"
STEEVENS.

717. —*his mouth,*] *i. e.* the king's. STEEVENS.

726. *Of* cruel, &c.] The first quarto, and the folio, read—Of *carnal.* COLLINS.

Carnal is, without doubt, the true reading. The word is used by Shakspere as an adjective to *carnage.* REMARKS.

728. —*and* forc'd *cause*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and *for no* cause. STEEVENS.

* * * * * *

The first remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is, that the former king had been poisoned by his brother and *his queen.* The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being ascertained. The Ghost forbears to accuse her as an accessary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her son. I may add, that her conscience appears undisturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces so visible a disorder in her husband who was really criminal. The last observation of the same author has no greater degree of veracity to boast of; for now, says he, all the actors in the piece are swept away, and one Monsieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Osrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius survive? These, together with the whole court of Denmark, are supposed to be present at the catastrophe, so that we are not indebted to the Norwegian

Norwegian chief for having kept the stage from vacancy.

Monsieur de Voltaire has since transmitted, in an epistle to the Academy of Belles Lettres, some remarks on the late French translation of Shakspere; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are discoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its insipidity, fallacy, and malice. It serves indeed to shew an apparent decline of talents and spirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive strain to the queen and princes of France for their assistance to stop the farther circulation of Shakspere's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheless, must acknowledge, that his private correspondence displays a superior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague shook him when he appealed to the publick on this subject; but the effects of a fever seem to predominate in his subsequent letter to Monsieur D'Argenteuil on the same occasion; for such a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy lasted) might be supposed to have written. "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakspere: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans son enorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the justly celebrated authoress of the *Essay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where these ravings of the Frenchman were first publickly recited. On hearing the illiberal expression already quoted, with no less elegance than readiness she replied—

"C'est

"C'est un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In short the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, possesses all the mischievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, sets the house he has robbed on fire.

As for Messieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might safely be passed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticism deserves. Voltaire, in spite of his natural disposition to vilify an English poet, by adopting sentiments, characters, and situations from Shakspere, has bestowed on him involuntary praise. Happily, he has not been disgraced by the worthless encomiums or disfigured by the awkward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace not like hounds that hunt, but like those who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more sterling sense is to be met with in ten French verses than in thirty English ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—such contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every scholar will express, who may chance to look into the prose translation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of discovering either the sense, the spirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

IT is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspere's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspere left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addi-

tion of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry* VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience: yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspere wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General againſt the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

MARCUS,
QUINTUS,
LUCIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

SEMPRONIUS.

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,
} *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Captain from Titus's Camp.

ÆMILIUS, *a Messenger.*

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

WOMEN.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome. Enter the Tribunes, and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Then enter SATURNINUS *and his Followers, at one Door; and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers, at the other; with Drum and Colours.*

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd

Bleeding

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;——
And now at last laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As

As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-House.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter MUTIUS *and* MARCUS: *after them, two Men bearing a Coffin cover'd with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *the Queen of Goths,* ALARBUS, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *with* AARON *the Moor, Prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the Coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, *and* LUCIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewel to their souls.
[*Then sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;

And

And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not,
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept who he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long Flourish, till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy

Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To* TAMORA.
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* LAVINIA.
Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* TAMORA *in dumb shew.*
Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* BASSIANUS *with* LAVINIA.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS *kills* MUT.
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Not thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Romans Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARCUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

[TITUS' *Sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word? [TITUS' *Son speaks.*

Quin.

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest.
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismallest day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel and say;*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,——to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *with* AARON *the Moor, at one Door: At the other Door,* BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA, *with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part;
And so supplant us for ingratitude
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: [*Aside.*
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.——
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my emperess hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour.*

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

Act II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace. Enter AARON *alone.*

Aaron.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,

And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Chi. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the emperess know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus, may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come,

Come, come, our emperess, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *and his three Sons, with Hounds and Horns, and* MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons,

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a Cry of Hounds, and Wind Horns in a Peal: then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest. Enter AARON *alone.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,

When

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar.

Aar. No more, great emperess, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! 230
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag. 241

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav.

Hamilton del. Thornthwaite Sculp.

Mrs WELLS in the Character of LAVINIA.

Under your patience gentle Empress,

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London Augst 24th 1785.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[*To* CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard (O could I find it now!),
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS, *and* MARCUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport, to sleep a while.
[MARCUS *falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit* AARON.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

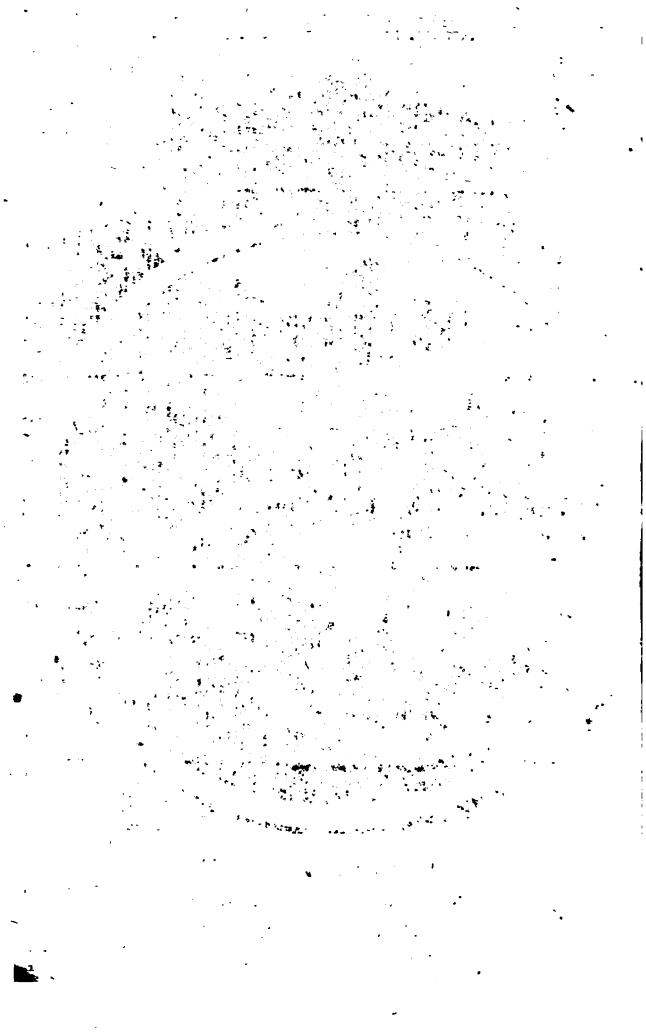
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.
Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Act 4. Scene 4.



Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out.

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:

He

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants*; ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth* SATURNINUS *a Letter.*

SATURNINUS *reads the Letter.*

An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora!

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Shewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:——
[*To* TITUS.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them——

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.——
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS *to* LAVINIA.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'red thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble,

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

Act III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARCUS *and* QUINTUS *bound, passing on the Stage to the Place of Execution, and* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be

SHAKSPERE.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
Lucius O noble Father you lament in vain.
And you recount your Sorrows to a Stone
Act 3 Scene 1
M. Moreau Inv. del.
N. le Mire Sculp.
Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Augt 16th 1785.

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS *lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[*Exeunt.*

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his Sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'n revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or

Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* TITUS'*s Hand.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS *again.*

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.——

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O heart!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*To* LAVINIA.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad?
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[LAVINIA *kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two son's heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do,—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you.
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:

Lavinia,

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet LUCIUS.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his emperess
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in TITUS's *House. A Banquet. Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know the meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[MARCUS *strikes the Dish with a Knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the emperess' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS's *House.* *Enter young* LUCIUS, *and* LAVINIA *running after him; and the Boy flies from her, with his Books under his Arm. Enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS.

Boy.

HELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ah, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow; That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon, me sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see; note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, were't thou thus surpriz'd sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,——

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. ——*Magne Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:

Come,

Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandsire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace. Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one Door: and at another Door, young* LUCIUS, *and another, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.
[*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exit.*

Dem. What's here? a scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now,

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no fond jest: the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.— [Aside.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er. [Aside. Flourish.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi.

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-Moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her!
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The emperess' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou
Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My Mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the emperess; tell her this I said:—

[*He kills her.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;

His

His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Palace. Enter TITUS, *old* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentleman with Bows; and* TITUS *bears the Arrows with Letters on the Ends of them.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit:—be you remember'd Marcus.—
She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.
Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:——
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem:*—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cœlus; not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the emperess' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,

But

But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot: then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter Emperor, and Emperess, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who should say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd his heart;

And

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
[*Aside.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.——

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tit. Emperess I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—

Go,

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name,
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And

And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small Distance from Rome. Enter LUCIUS *and Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, *with his Child in his Arms.*

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperess' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.
Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An ideot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,——
To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar.

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two son's heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the emperess of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.
Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Titus's Palace in Rome. Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and* TITUS *opens his Study Door.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind.
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's

There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit.

Tit. Good lord, how like the emperess' sons they are!
And you, the emperess! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the emperess and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,

It

It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the emperess and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the emperess too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her Sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.
[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit.* TAM.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The emperess' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit* TITUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emperess' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a Knife, and* LAVINIA *with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look thy foes are bound:—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for, that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;

And

And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
[*He cuts their Throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths, with* AARON *Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
[*Exeunt Goths, with* AARON.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— [*Flourish.*
The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. *Enter* SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter TITUS, *like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and* LAVINIA, *with a Veil over her Face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

LUCIUS *stabs* SATURNINUS.

Mar.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
[*To* LUCIUS.
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most.
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me:
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Mar. Now is my turn to speak; behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,

And

And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—

O, take

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter

Enter Romans, with AARON.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our houshold's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

TITUS ANDRONICUS,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

LIT

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

Line 70. HAIL, *Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor, who was just dead. STEEVENS.

77. *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

101. *Now we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied

people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

117. *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*
Draw near them then in being merciful:] Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.*

From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspere, but our author might have found a translation of it in *England's Parnassus.* STEEVENS.

121. Patient *yourself, &c.*] This verb is used by other dramatick writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham,* 1592:

" *Patient* yourself, we cannot help it now." Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

" *Patient* your highness, 'tis but mother's love." STEEVENS.

136. *The self same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his *tent, &c.*] I read, against the authority of all the copies:

———*in* her *tent.*

i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept; for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides' *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance. THEOBALD.

The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in *Ovid:* Metam. xiii.

" —vadit

"—vadit ad artificem," and therefore took it for granted that she found him in his tent. STEEVENS.

168. *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] To outlive an eternal date, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

189. ——don *this robe*, &c.] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. STEEVENS.

272. Lav. *Not I, my lord;*——] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice. STEEVENS.

313. ——*changing-piece*,] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

So in *Britannia's Pastorals* by Brown, 1613:

"——her husband, weaken'd *piece*,
"Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease:
"Phesant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
"Grated with gold." STEEVENS.

317. *To* ruffle *in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of *K. Henry VIII.* See Greene's *Groundwork of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 113. STEEVENS.

383. *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

394. *No man shed tears,* &c.] This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret: nec funera fletu
Faxit. cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

55. *Not I; till I have sheath'd*, &c.] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speakers; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

82. *a thousand deaths would I propose*,] What does Chiron means he would *contrive* a thousand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himself? I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

86. *She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won*;] Suffolk, in the *First Part of King Henry VI.* makes use of almost the same words:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

REMARKS.

89. ——*more water glideth by the mill*, &c.] A Scottish proverb:

"Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps."

STEEVENS.

91.

91. ——*to steal a shive,*—] A *shive* is a *slice*. So, in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan*, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

"A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut."

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb.

"It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."

STEEVENS.

97. —*struck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspere, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *K. Henry IV.* before I had seen him; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amusement, I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer?—an absurdity right worthy of the rest of the piece.

106. *To square for this?*——] To *square* is to *quarrel*. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

——they never meet,

But they do *square*——

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

"Let

"Let them not sing 'twixt act and act,
"What *squareth* from the rest."

But to *square*, which in the last instance signifies to *differ*, is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to *agree*. STEEVENS.

117. *A speedier course* than *lingering languishment*] The old copy reads:

——————this *lingering*, &c.

which may mean, *this coy languishing dame*, this *piece of wanton softness*. STEEVENS.

119. ——*by kind*——] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

120. ——file *our engines with advice*,] *i. e.* remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

142. *Per Styga*, &c.] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

143. The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

——*the morn is bright and grey*,] *i. e.* bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *grey*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *grey* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

The old reading is justified by the following passage in Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Mine eyes are *bright and grey*, and quick in turning."

Again, by another example in *The Old Wives' Tale*, 1595:

"The day is clear, the welkin, *bright and grey*."

STEEVENS.

178. ——*for their unrest*,] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Thus therefore will I rest me, in *unrest*."

Thus in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde, 1606:

"For the ease of whose *unrest*,

"Thus his furie was exprest."

Again, in *An excellent pastoral Dittie*, by Shep. Tonie; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"With lute in hand did paint out her *unrest*."

STEEVENS.

175. *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

180. *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?*] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are set down for the

the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury o'ercome*,
Is fallen *asleep*—in's *pendent couch* he's laid
That *hangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
And cool him into golden slumbers—
This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.———

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine; and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desart of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

185. ——*a* chequer'd *shadow*——] Milton has the same expression:

——many a maid
Dancing in the *chequer'd* shade."

STEEVENS.

188. ——*though* Venus *govern your desires*,
Saturn *is dominator over mine*:] The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical

description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. "The star of Saturn is especially *cooling*, and somewhat *drie*," &c.

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———for your aspect
"You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
"Tells me the *sullen Saturn* had predominance
"At your nativity, a malignant planet [illegible]
"And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
"Of a soft ruddy wench, born under Venus,
"It may prove fatal." [illegible] COLLINS.

234. *Should* drive *upon thy new-transformed [illegible]*] The author of the *Revisal* suspects that [illegible] wrote:

Should thrive *upon thy new transformed [illegible]*,

as the former is an expression that suggests an image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should pass with impetuous haste*, &c. So, in Hamlet:

"*Pyrrhus at Priam* drives," &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. [illegible]

242. —*swarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. [illegible]

256. —*noted long*:] He had yet been [illegible] one night. [illegible]

266. *Here never shines the sun*, &c.] Mr. [illegible] seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore*:

"This

"This is the house where the sun never dawns,
"The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
"Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
"And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings." STEEVENS.

274. *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

296. *And with that* painted hope *she braves your* [illegible].] So, in that exquisite stanza which opens *Lear in a village*:

"*Hope*, thou nurse of young desire,
"Fairy promiser of joy,
"*Painted* vapour, glow-worm fire,
"Temperate sweet, that ne'er canst cloy."
HENLEY.

297. *A precious ring,*———] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth: "He further beheld and saw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the house."

Again, in Lydgate's *Description of King Priam's Palace*, l. 2.

"And for most chefe all dirkeness to confound,
"A *carbuncle* was set as kyng of stones all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall.

" And it to calumine in the black night
" With the freshness of his ruddy light."

Again, in the *Muse's Elysium*, by Drayton:

" Is that admired, mighty stone,
" The *carbuncle* that's named;
" Which from it such a flaming light
" And radiancy ejecteth,
" That in the very darkest night
" The eye to it directeth."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the *carbuncle*:

" Soche light ysprang out of the stone."

STEEVENS.

489. *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would make me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.

JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 17. —*Two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient ruins.* JOHNSON.

67. ——*in thy father's sight?*] We should read *spight.* WARBURTON.

72. ——I'll *chop off my hands too;*] Perhaps we should read:

——or *chop off*, &c.

It

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

91. *It was my deer;*——] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

"The pale that held my lovely *deer*."

JOHNSON.

169. *Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critick as these editors, says (in Shelton's translation, 1612), "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspere uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and Diomede

"Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

"Dr. Warburton's proof (says the author of the *Revisal*) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer,

the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——————and Diomede
" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy *head*."

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it.

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. So, in Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 815: "——Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king," &c. STEEVENS.

282. *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these* things;] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these *arms*. STEEVENS.

This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

307. *And cannot passionate, &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

"Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
"That godly king and queen did *passionate*."

STEEVENS.

339. ——mesh'd *upon her cheeks*:] A very coarse allusion to brewing. STEEVENS.

346. ——*by still practice*——] By *constant* or *continual* practice. JOHNSON.

361. ——*a father and* mother!] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following lines speak only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father.

STEEVENS.

363. *And but* lamenting doings *in the air?*] *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 14. ——*Tully's* oratory.] Thus the moderns. The old copies read—Tully's *oratour*; meaning, perhaps, Tully *De oratore*. STEEVENS.

51. ——*how she* quotes *the leaves*.] To *quote* is to observe. See a note on *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

82. *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of *Hippolitus*, when *Phædra* discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in *Seneca*'s tragedy.

STEEVENS.

90. *And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere,*] *Feere* signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4.

" Christabell, your daughter free
" When shall she have a *fere?*" i. e. a husband.

TYRWHITT.

180. *Revenge* the *heavens*——] It should be:

Revenge, ye *heavens!*——

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, the.

JOHNSON.

I believe

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge*, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read

Revenge then *heavens*. TYRWHITT.

137. *Gramercy,*——] i. e. *grand merci*; *great thanks*. STEEVENS.

219. *I'll* broach *the tadpole*——] A *broach* is a *spit*. I'll *spit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"I'll *broach* thee on my steel."

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: "—with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre she should therewith *broach* him." COLLINS.

253. ——*another* leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. STEEVENS.

278. *Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

289. *Go pack with him,*——] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown.

POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear*:

"——snuffs and *packings* of the dukes."

STEEVENS.

To PACK *a jury*, is an expression still used; though the practice, I trust, is itself obselete. HENLEY.

362. *Yet wrung with wrongs,*——] To *wring* a horse is to press or strain his back, JOHNSON.

370. *To Saturn, and to* Cœlus;——] The quarto and folio read:——to *Caius*. Mr. Rowe first substituted *Cœlus* in its room. STEEVENS.

375. ——*shoot all your shafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

"Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
"And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:
"*I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*
"And for revenge to hell did often crye."

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: "*They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words*, Ps. lxiv. 3." *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 288. third edit. STEEVENS.

379. ——*I am a mile beyond the moon;*] The folio 1623 and 1632, read:

——*I aym a mile beyond the moon.*

To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Elionto Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Risio hath gone beyond himself in *casting beyond* the moon."

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, 1617:

"——I talk of things impossible,
"And *cast beyond the moon*." STEEVENS.

405. ——*the tribunal plebs*,——]. I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the

the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors. STEEVENS.

445. ———*his* wreaks,] *i. e.* his *revenges.* STEEVENS.

524. ———honey-stalks *to sheep*;] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to over-charge themselves with clover and die. JOHNSON.

545. —*successfully*—] The old copies read:—*successantly.* STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 21. *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery*;] Shakspere has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus.* And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *Popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

80. —*his* bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, act iv. STEEVENS.

100. *That* codding *spirit*——] *i. e.* that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the ends of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

103. *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*—] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. and C. M. printed at Middleburgh, no date:

"——amongst the dogs and beares he goes;
"Where, while he skipping cries—*To head, to head*," &c. STEEVENS.

146. *Bring down the devil;*—] It appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

225. *So thou destroy* Rapine *and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 116, b. uses *rape* in the same sense:

"For

" For if thou be of suche covine,
" To get of love by *ravyne*
" Thy lust," &c. STEEVENS.

355. *And of the paste a* coffin——] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

391. —break *the parle*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say, he *breaks* his mind.
JOHNSON.

434. *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of shewing the reader how he continues the speech before us :

" Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
" And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up :"
[*Stabs the empress.*

And then—" *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*"
STEEVENS.

445. *Goth.*] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord* In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend Lucius to the empire. STEEVENS.

519.

519. *Thanks, gentle Romans;*—] It should seem from the beginning of this speech of Lucius, that the first and last lines of the preceding one ought to be given to the concourse of Romans who are supposed to be present. STEEVENS.

THE END.